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SOME RECENT DISCOVERIES CONCERNING COLUMBUS*

THE question as to where in the Bahama islands Columbus first landed has been the subject of even more controversy than the question where the Northmen first landed in New England. The investigations of Humboldt, Washington Irving, Becher, Varnhagen, Major, Navarrete, Muñoz, Harrisse, Fox, and Markham still left the question in much doubt. Few readers of any or all of these books could feel that the question was really settled. All that Mr. Winsor has felt justified in saying in his recent book on Columbus is, that the opinion of scholars has been drifting towards a belief that the landfall was on Watling's island.

Since Mr. Winsor completed the writing of his work, the Bahamas have been visited and very carefully explored by an enterprising German traveler, Rudolf Cronau; and the results of his studies have been embodied in the seventh *Lieferung* of his *Amerika: die Geschichte seiner Entdeckung von der Ältesten bis auf die neueste Zeit*. It is my purpose, in the briefest possible space, and without much comment, to indicate Mr. Cronau's conclusions and the reasoning by which he reached them. In relation to the matter of the landfall, his positions may be said to be two in number: First, that Columbus landed on Watling's island; and, secondly, that the landing took place on the west side, instead of, as has generally been supposed, on the east side.

His reasons for reaching the first conclusion may be briefly stated as follows:

(1) Watling's island is the only one which answers to all the distinctive characteristics that were described by the original authorities. These were: (a) An easy landing place; (b) a large body of water in the interior; (c) a large roadstead, lying north-northeast of the harbor; (d) the size of the island; (e) the form of the island. Las Casas, whose father was with Columbus at the landfall, and who himself knew Columbus well and passed many years on the islands, says that the island was oblong or bean-shaped. Columbus himself describes the geographical peculiarities lying in the vicinity of the place of landing which answer to one of the points

* Paper read before the American Historical Association at Washington, December 31, 1891.

all the fleets of Christendom." This description will apply with considerable exactness to Watling's island and to no other. Watling's is not only the only one of the Bahamas that has a large interior lake, but, with the exception of New Providence, which is out of the question, is the only one that answers to Las Casas's description of having the shape of a bean.

(2) In going from Watling's island, and following the course marked out in the journal of Columbus, there is no difficulty in identifying all the islands at which the fleet of Columbus stopped between Watling's and Cuba.

(3) It is impossible to establish with any confidence such an identification, if we suppose that the landfall was on another island.

This process of reasoning, though not essentially different from those of Becher and others, is carried on in a more perfectly independent spirit, and is the result of personal explorations. It does not appear that Becher ever made a study of the question on the spot.

But interesting as this part of Cronau's discussion is, it is in regard to the second question, namely, that relating to the exact point at which the landfall took place, that his observations and reasoning are most original and most important. The basis of his conclusion is twofold: First, a very careful study of the text of Columbus's journal, as abridged or abstracted, and preserved for us by Las Casas, for the most part in the very language of Columbus himself; and, secondly, his own personal explorations and observations on the island.

His reasoning may be summarized as follows:

(1) The best landing place on the island is at or near Graham's Harbor, a little north of the middle of the west side.

(2) The state of the weather was such as to make a landing on the west side the most natural one.

(3) A landing on the east side, at any time extremely difficult, would have been, on account of the prevailing winds and waves, at the time of the discovery quite impossible.

(4) The details given by Columbus show that the approach to the island from the west was both easy and natural.

(5) The direction taken by Columbus, in going from the first landing place, indicates that he landed on the west side, and could not have landed on the east.

(6) And, finally: Having landed on the west side, the difficulties in the narrative, which, on any other theory, seem insuperable, almost or entirely disappear.

"encountered a heavier sea than they had met with before on the whole voyage." In the same connection, he adds that, "after sunset, they sailed twelve miles an hour until two hours after midnight, going ninety miles." It is probable that the mile of Columbus was about two-thirds of the present English mile.

(2) Cronau reasons that the very heavy sea and the rate of sailing at twelve miles an hour could not be reconciled, except in case of a very strong wind from an easterly direction. This turbulence of the sea, rolling in as it must, from the east, would make a landing on the east side of the island impossible. Even in fair weather, this would have been extremely hazardous, because the whole of the eastern coast is fortified and protected by a continuous and dangerous line of precipitous rocks.

(3) Columbus reports that at ten o'clock, that is, when they were sailing at the rate of twelve miles an hour, he believed he saw a light. Four hours later, that is to say, after they had passed over forty-eight miles, and at two o'clock in the morning, land was first seen by Rodrigo de Triana from the *Pinta*. We are not told the direction of this land from the ship; but it was regarded as about two leagues distant. They then, Columbus says, "took in sail, and remained under square sail, lying to, till day." Cronau is of the opinion that the fleet, which under full sail was going at the rate of twelve miles an hour, when reduced to a single square sail, would necessarily have gone several miles, probably as many as fifteen or twenty, during the four hours between two o'clock and daylight.

(4) This rate of nearly or quite half speed would have carried them some miles beyond the island, which is only six miles broad; and, in the morning, whether they passed the island on the north, or on the south, the only natural course was to turn about and approach the island from the west.

(5) The abridgment of Columbus by Las Casas says that, "arrived on shore, they saw trees very green, many streams of water, and divers sorts of fruits." Columbus himself, in an unabridged passage, says: "This is a pretty large and level island, with trees extremely flourishing, and streams of water. There is a large lake in the middle of the island; but no mountains. The whole is completely covered with verdure delightful to behold." This description, especially that of Las Casas, as an abridgment of the statement given by Columbus, answers at the present time to the appearance of the island as seen from off Graham's Harbor.

(6) Under date of Sunday, the 14th of October, Columbus says: "At daybreak, I ordered the boat of my vessel, as well as the boats of the

other caravels, to be put in readiness, and I skirted along the coast toward the north-northeast, in order to explore the other part of the island, namely, that which lies to the east."*

This passage points clearly to the landing on the west side. Columbus then states that in their north-northeast movement in the boats they discovered two or three villages, the people of which beckoned them to come ashore. Columbus says, however: "I was apprehensive on account of the reef of rocks which surrounds the island, although there is a depth of water and room for all the ships of Christendom, with a very narrow entrance. There are some shoals within; but the water is as smooth as a pond." He then proceeds to describe what he calls "a tongue of land, which appeared like an island, though it was not; but might be cut through, and made so in two days," and also a place that would be peculiarly advantageous for the erection of a fortress.

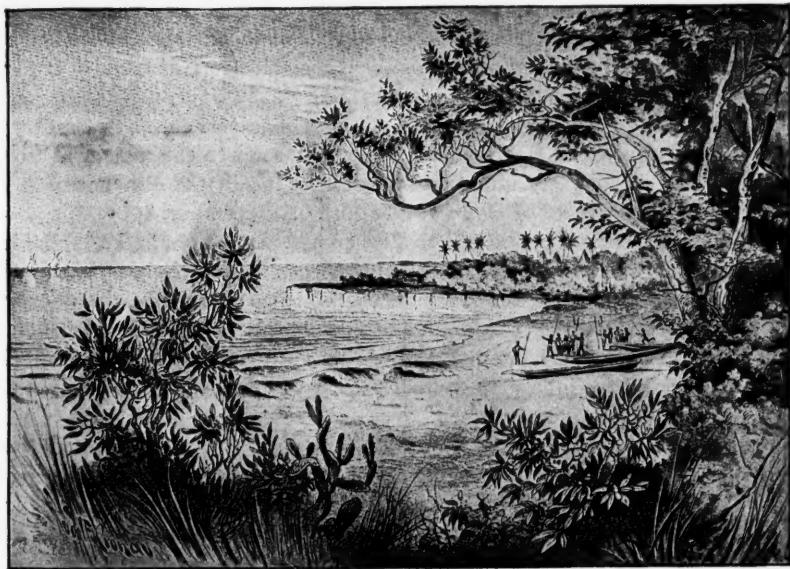
Watling's island is about twelve English miles in length, and between four and six miles in breadth. Graham's Harbor, as already stated, lies a little north of the middle, on the west side. On the 21st of November, 1890, Cronau started from this harbor, to coast along to the northeast, following as nearly as possible the course indicated by the journal of Columbus. He says he had no difficulty in identifying the spot in every essential particular. The rocky shoals, which prevented Columbus from landing, impose the same barrier to navigation at the present day that they did at the end of the fifteenth century. Cronau found the entrance to the harbor, and described it with considerable minuteness, as well as with pardonable enthusiasm. He landed at the point which Columbus designated as "a tongue of land, which appeared to be an island," and describes by means of original drawings the site which, in his opinion, Columbus had in mind when he recommended it as an admirable place for a fortification. Going into somewhat minute details, he says that there is even evidence that during the last century the site was used for purposes of defence; for among other indications of occupancy he found an old rusty cannon that had been abandoned at some time apparently during the period of the French Revolution.

* This is the real meaning of the Spanish passage, although Kettell in his English translation has very blunderingly given it the very opposite meaning. Kettell's rendering is the following:

"In the morning, I ordered the boats to be got ready, and coasted along the island toward the NNE. to examine that part of it, we having landed first at the eastern part."

The Spanish, as given by Navarrete, I., p. 24, is as follows:

"En amaneciendo mandé aderezar el batel de la nao y las barcas de las carabelas, y fue al luengo de la isla, en el camino del Nornordeste, para ver la otra parte, que era de la otra parte del Leste."



LANDING-PLACE OF COLUMBUS ON WATLING'S ISLAND.

[From the sketch by Rudolf Cronau.]

This same explorer not only made personal investigations into the question of the landfall, but, what is of perhaps even greater interest, spent a full month in San Domingo for the purpose, if possible, of settling the vexed question as to the present location of the remains of Columbus.

In order to understand the full significance of what follows, it is necessary to bear in mind the history of the various removals. Columbus, just before his death, expressed the wish that his remains might be interred on the Island of Hispaniola. It was not practicable that this wish should be complied with at once, and, accordingly, it is probable that the body of the admiral remained at Valladolid from 1506 to 1513 or 1514, when it was transferred to Seville. About 1541, though the date is not precisely known, the remains were taken to San Domingo and deposited in the cathedral that had recently been completed. Although there is no record of that early date, indicating where the remains were placed, there was a tradition that they rested at the right of the altar; and one hundred and thirty-five years later, namely, in 1676, this tradition took the form of an entry in the records of the cathedral.

At a period somewhat later than that of the transfer of the admiral's remains, though the exact date cannot now be fixed, the remains of Diego Columbus, together with those of his son Luis, were carried from Spain to San Domingo, and buried in the same cathedral. It is probable that their reinterment took place at about the beginning of the seventeenth century; for there are records in Spain which apparently refer to the matter at that date. There was no inscription to indicate the locality of either vault.

When, by the treaty of Basle of the 20th of December, 1795, this portion of San Domingo was ceded to France, the Spaniards had a laudable desire that the remains of the discoverer should be transferred to one of the several islands still in Spanish possession. Accordingly, the floor at the right of the altar was explored, and a vault supposed to be that of the admiral was found. Its contents, believed to be the remains of the admiral, were transferred to Cuba with great ceremony, and were deposited in the cathedral at Havana, where they have since remained. No doubt seems to have been raised in regard to the genuineness of the remains thus removed, until on the 10th of September, 1877, some laborers, in repairing a part of the floor of the cathedral, discovered another vault on the right of the altar, lying between that from which the supposed remains of Columbus had been taken and the outer wall of the chancel. These two vaults were separated by a thin wall. One of them, the smaller of the two, was empty, while the other, the one that had apparently first been constructed, was found to contain a small leaden box, forty-four centimeters long, twenty-three centimeters high, and twenty-one and a half centimeters in breadth. A nearer inspection of the box and of its inscriptions satisfied the authorities of the cathedral that the remains transferred in 1795 were those of Diego, and that the remains of the admiral were still in the possession of the cathedral.

A long controversy on the subject, however, at once took place. The archbishop of San Domingo maintained quietly but stoutly that the larger vault next the wall was the one first constructed, that the smaller one was subsequently added for the remains of the son, that the inscriptions were genuine, and that, beyond all question, the remains transferred to Havana were those of the son Diego, while the remains contained in the newly opened vault were unmistakably those of the discoverer.

The Spanish authorities would not admit that a mistake had been made. A war of pamphlets ensued. Cronau has given the titles of as many as thirteen elaborate papers devoted to the subject between 1877 and 1880. A copy of the inscriptions was roughly made, but the matter seems not to have been investigated with impartial and scrupulous care.

Two agents of the Spanish government visited the island to look into the question; but they made no study of the inscriptions themselves, the casket having been previously removed to a side chapel and put under the seals of the archbishop and of the government.

They reported, however, that the remains removed to Havana were genuine, and that the claim of the authorities at San Domingo was fraudulent. As to who perpetrated the fraud, they never undertook to determine; but notwithstanding the assertions of the archbishop, whose character was above all reproach, they maintained, or rather asserted, that all the inscriptions had been forged simply for the purpose of making it appear that the remains of Columbus were still at San Domingo. The motive for forgery was alleged to be the belief that Columbus was about to be canonized and that the cathedral which could be made to appear to be the resting place of his remains would become a shrine that would be visited by hordes of pilgrims from every part of the western world.

It was to investigate this interesting question of fact that Herr Cronau, just about a year ago, spent a month in San Domingo. The account of what took place is of so much importance that I give a translation of the author's own words. He says:

"When I started in the autumn of 1890 on my journey through the West Indies and Central America, in order to collect material for illustrations, I decided that the investigation of this question should be a part of my programme. Owing to letters of introduction from the German government, I succeeded in getting access to the remains for the purpose of examining them most carefully. This investigation took place on Sunday, January 11, 1891, in the morning, in the cathedral of San Domingo. There were present the Church dignitaries, the secretary of the interior of the republic of San Domingo and his officials, and all the consuls of the governments which were represented in San Domingo; furthermore, the author of several of the above-mentioned pamphlets, Emilio Tejera.

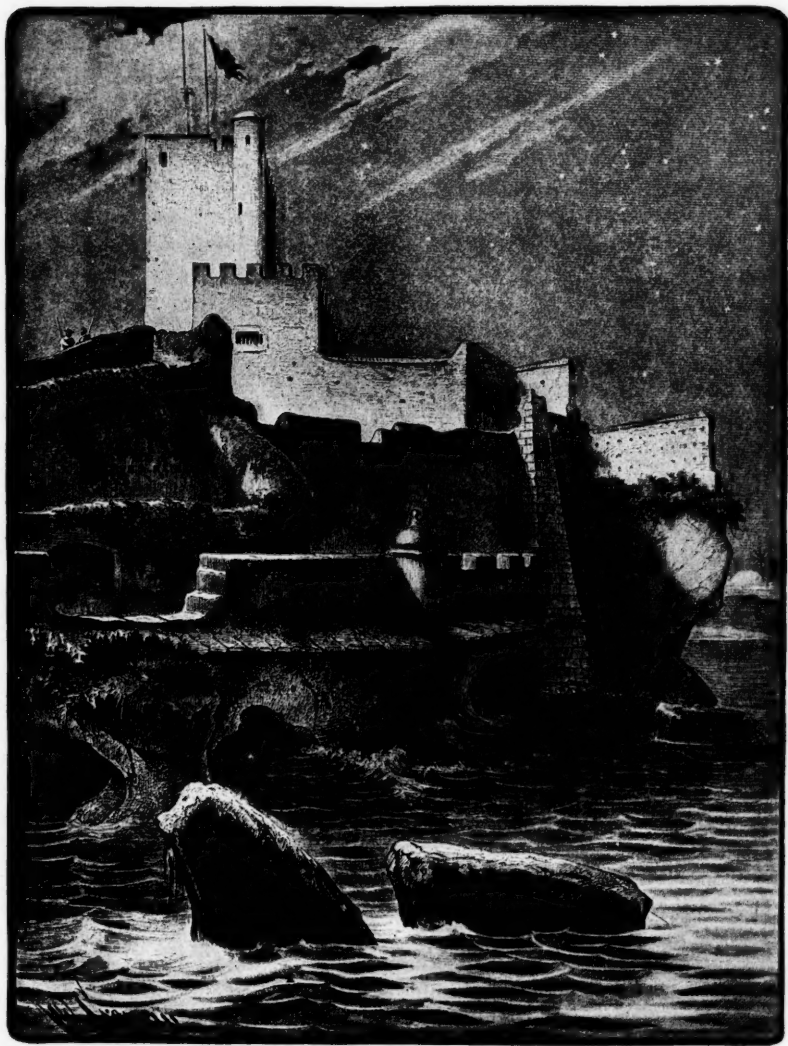
The following are the results of my investigation: The two little sepulchral chambers, the position of which can be seen from the plan and the illustrations referring to the sanctuary, occupy the entire space between the staircase C and the wall, and are separated from one another only by a thin wall sixteen centimeters thick. Both vaults are covered with a cement like mortar. Their interior can easily be seen from above, for they were purposely left in a way to be examined with ease. Both rather small rooms are empty: the contents of vault 2 are in Havana, and the leaden coffin found in vault 1 is kept under lock and key in a room behind the first side chapel on the left, in the cathedral. The door lead-

ing to this room can be opened only by means of three keys, of which the first is in the hands of the archbishop, and the other two in those of the government. The regulations require that the room should be opened only in presence of one official connected with the church and two of the officers of the government. Admission is granted very rarely, and a record kept of all visitors.

In the centre of the room stands a rather large chest (which also can be opened only by the use of several keys) containing the disputed lead coffin. The coffin itself is inclosed in a glass case, held together by strong strips of wood, and ornamented with silver handles. This glass case can, in its turn, be opened by means of several keys. In order, however, to prevent its being opened, a broad white silk ribbon had, in 1877, been wound several times about the glass case, immediately after the body was placed here, and the seals of the government of San Domingo, the church, and the consulates of Spain, Italy, Germany, England, France, Holland, and the United States were put upon the case.

No one had opened the case since, and consequently the coffin and the remains were in exactly the condition in which they had been left in 1877. After the door of the room and the chest had been opened on the above-mentioned date (the 11th of January, 1891), in the presence of the witnesses enumerated above, the glass case and its contents were lifted out and were put on a table covered with brocade, in the side nave of the church, and we were allowed to examine them. It happened that the lead coffin was open; its cover was turned back and fastened to the cover of the glass case, so that the bones lying inside were plainly visible. A considerable number of the vertebræ of the neck and back, and parts of the arm and leg bones, proved very well preserved. A vessel of glass contained the dust which had been found on the bottom of the coffin. Furthermore, one could see a little silver plate, covered with inscriptions, and a round leaden bullet. The latter lay outside of the lead coffin.

On the suggestion of the secretary of the interior of the republic, the consuls of the foreign governments declared, unanimously, that not only the silk ribbon wound about the glass case, but also all the seals, which had been put on in 1877, were absolutely intact. After this, the seals were broken, the ribbon loosened, the glass case opened, by means of three keys, and the lead coffin lifted out and put upon a table, so that an examination could now be carried on in the most careful way. The coffin itself proved badly oxidized, and showed the effects of being dented in some places, but in other respects was rather well preserved. A few fragments of the lead which had fallen off were found carefully wrapped in a piece of paper:



DIE CITADELLE ZU SANTO DOMINGO.

[From the sketch by Rudolf Cronau.]

The first thing to be done was, of course, to investigate the inscriptions on the lead coffin, and the little plate of silver. The result was the discovery that the reproductions from these, which have so far been published, are in part very incorrect. This may be due to the fact that, in the absence of good instruments, an attempt was made, as Mr. Tejera assured us, to copy the inscriptions on wood by means of penknives.

I made a special effort to make the correctest possible copies of all inscriptions. These I had photographed on zinc, and then etched, and they may be compared with older representations of the inscriptions.

The appearance of these inscriptions, which were engraved on the lead and the silver, by means of a sharp instrument, shows them to be unmistakably old. On the outside of the left wall of the coffin was found the letter C; on the front wall a letter C; on the right side wall a letter A. These letters have been explained as the initials of the words: 'Cristoval Colon, Almirante.'*

The cover bears the inscription which has been interpreted as standing for "Descubridor de la América, primero Almirante"; i.e., "The discoverer of America, the first Admiral."

The words standing on the inside, written in gothic script, and partly abbreviated, have been translated as follows: 'The famous and excellent man, Don Cristoval Colon.'†

It has been believed by some people that the fourth letter of the word Cristoval ought to be regarded as an *f*. This would in no way impair the correctness of the inscription, as the spelling 'Criftoval' is found.

As to the silver plate (which in our illustration is reproduced in its real size), it must be mentioned that it was found with the leaden bullet under the ashes which covered the bottom of the coffin. Two small screws which were also found there, and which corresponded to two holes in the plate, and to two other holes in the back wall of the coffin, showed that the little plate was originally screwed fast on that part of the coffin, but that in course of time the oxidizing of the lead had caused the screws to become loose, and to fall down, together with the plate.

Both sides of the plate are written upon, and both inscriptions are evidently meant to state the same thing. It would seem, however, as if their author had not been satisfied with the first inscription, perhaps because it did not seem intelligible enough on account of its too great brevity, and had then tried to express the same thing on the other side more in detail, for it would otherwise seem senseless to write on both

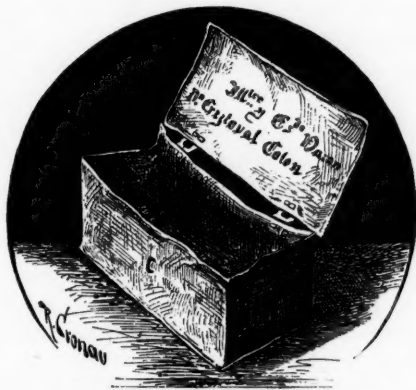
* Compare with sketches in *Magazine of American History*, vol. ix., pages 11-13.

† *Magazine of American History*, vol. ix., page 11.

sides of a plate, one side of which was always invisible, because turned towards the side of the coffin. The more complete inscription, which was doubtless turned towards the beholder, has been interpreted as follows: 'Ultima parte de los restos del primero Almirante Cristoval Colon Descubridor'; *i.e.*, 'The last part of the remains of the first admiral, Cristoval Colon, the discoverer.'

It is to be noticed that the first abbreviated word might also be resolved into 'una' or 'única.' Then the first part of the sentence would be 'a part' or 'the only part.'

We now must mention the leaden bullet found in the dust on the bottom of the coffin. The theory has been advanced that it was lodged



Der Bleisarg des Christoph Columbus.

Nach dem Originale gezeichnet von Rudolf Cronau.

[See *Magazine of American History*, ix., page 12.]

in the body of Columbus during the first years of his career as a seaman, and dropped from its place in the course of the decomposition. No special importance has been so far attributed to its presence. We, on the contrary, are inclined to consider it as a proof of the identity of these remains and those of Columbus, for the reason that he says, in a letter written to the Spanish monarchs during his fourth voyage, and mentioned above by us: 'My wound has opened again.'

We do not know that Christopher Columbus received a wound during his stay in Portugal and Spain, or during any of his journeys in the service of the Spanish monarchs. Consequently, it may be correct to suppose that he got the bullet during his early life, which seems to have been very

turbulent and adventurous. We suppose that when [in 1541] the remains were taken from the original large coffin (which had perhaps begun to decay), and were put into the small leaden coffin, the leaden bullet was found among the bones and left there. In case fraud was intended with the remains found in 1877 (as Prieto, Colmeiro, and others would have us believe), what could have induced those who committed the fraud to add such a leaden bullet? This bullet has, to our knowledge, not yet been considered as a proof of the genuineness of these remains, and has never been brought into connection with the passage cited above.

Further than that, we ask, what special interest could the people of San Domingo have had in perpetrating such a fraud, from which they have so far derived no profit whatever? And where, in San Domingo, are the artisans and the engravers who could have carried out the fraud, even under the guidance of superior intelligence?

We would mention, as another proof of the genuineness of this coffin and its contents, that the leaden coffin which had formerly been carried away by the Spaniards apparently had no inscription; at least, we nowhere find mention of one. Now, first of all, it is difficult to believe that the coffin of so distinguished a man as the rediscoverer of America should have been left without any outward sign; and, secondly, the fact that the coffin found in 1877 occupied the place of honor on the right of the altar seems of importance for our argument, as does the other fact that the smaller vault next to it, which was emptied of its contents in 1795, gives one the impression of having been added later, as if they wanted to bury the less distinguished son next to the more distinguished father.

The counter arguments of the other side cannot stand against these weighty considerations. The hypothesis that the coffin in question might possibly contain the remains of Christopher, the grandson of the discoverer, has no value; for, if that were the case, the inscriptions would read 'fourth admiral' instead of 'first admiral,' and the title 'Descubridor' would be out of place, because the grandson of the discoverer never went on a discovering expedition. The other objection, that the name 'America,' for which the letter 'A' on the cover of the coffin is generally believed to stand, was not used in Spain at that time, is equally weak, as the name America was proposed by the German Waltzemüller as early as 1507, and, as is shown on many maps, had been generally adopted by 1541 (that is, the year in which the lead coffin was probably made).

It has further been urged that the appearance of the letters on the coffin does not point to so remote a time, and is 'too modern.' The reproductions of these letters which have been published would, indeed,



Christopher Columbus
patron mar

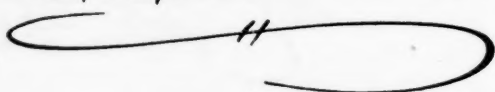
lead one to such a belief, as, especially, the engraved work on the silver plate is too much modernized. The copy which we made with the most scrupulous care shows the great difference: our readers will have an opportunity to convince themselves that the inscriptions of the silver plate might easily belong to the time about 1540, as far as their appearance is concerned, by comparing them with autographs from the third and fourth decades of the sixteenth century.

We should like to mention, furthermore, that Señor Lopez Pietro, the author of the pamphlets doubting the genuineness of these remains, who had been sent over by the Spanish government to investigate these tombs, never took the trouble to examine the coffin and the remains, but had finished his pamphlets before landing in San Domingo. So several highly respected and trustworthy persons in San Domingo have assured us, on their word of honor.

We were, unfortunately, unable to find out whether his colleague, Manuel Colmeiro, had adopted similar methods.

During my stay of a month, I made it a business to question a considerable number of persons who had been present at the discovery of the coffin, singly and without each other's knowledge, and found complete agreement in the statements of all of them.

After I had finished my investigation of the coffin and the remains (this took me about three hours), the ashes in the glass vessel were put into a silver casket, ornamented with gold, and this casket was also put into the coffin. After the leaden coffin had been put back into the glass case, the latter was again carefully closed, a ribbon with the three colors of the republic of San Domingo, red, white, and blue, was tied about it, and it was locked as it had been before—that is, by putting upon it the seals of the church, the government, and the several consulates. Notaries, who had been called, read the report they had made, the coffin was put back into its old place, and those present at this memorable act took their departure. The author, and certainly all those who were there with him, went away with the conviction that the venerable remains of the great discoverer were lying, and are still lying, in the cathedral of San Domingo."

C. K. Adams.


CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

ONCE FAMOUS LOUISBOURG

Since the beginning of the present century Cape Breton, once known as Isle Royale, has been to the world at large very little more than a mere geographical expression, and the importance which it possessed when England and France were struggling for the supremacy in North America has been long since forgotten, except by the students of history to whom the name of once famous Louisbourg will recall glorious episodes in the history of Old and New England. The object of this paper is to direct attention to some existing features of the island, and to the memorials which still remain of that old régime the history of which ended in 1758 with the fall of the great fortress on the southeastern coast.

From summer to summer for many years the writer has visited Cape Breton, endeared to him by the associations and memories of his boyhood, and always interesting for the beauties of its varied scenery, and for the opportunity it gives of drawing the visitor from the more prosaic present to the contemplation of former days, when men and heroes fought for the supremacy of two great nations on its storm-swept shores. All around its coast there are memorials of the historic past. Not only the name of the island itself, but its bold headlands, its spacious bays, its broad estuaries and harbors, connect us in the present with those adventurous voyagers who explored its waters centuries ago. It is believed by many authorities that it was "*prima tierra vista*," the first landfall made by John Cabot in his memorable voyage of 1497. Basques, Bretons, Normans, Portuguese, and Spaniards have in turn made an impress on its geography which English occupation for a hundred and thirty years has not removed.

Standing on one of the bleak hills which overlook the strait between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton we recall the times when Nicholas Denys, *Sieur de Fronsac*, was struggling against the jealousies of rival traders and attempting to establish a seigneurie for himself on the island. His name, which for a while was given to this arm of the sea, has long since disappeared, and the old word *Canso*, whatever its meaning, clings persistently to these picturesque shores. From time to time the graceful fishing vessels of New England glide over its waters, with their white canvas and trim hulls, the envy and admiration of all sailors—so amazingly in contrast with the clumsy hulks of the Basque vessels of *St. Jean de Luz* that, three centuries ago, frequented its coasts. The derivation of the name is still a

matter of conjecture. In the old maps and charts it is spelled Campseau or Canseau, and the current method is an English corruption of the first name. One writer* will insist that it is derived from the Spanish *Ganso*, and has reference to the great flocks of wild geese which fly over the strait at certain periods of the year, and naturally attracted the attention of early Spanish navigators; but this appears to be a mere ingenious effort of the same fancy which has given a Spanish origin to Canada—*Aça ñada*—instead of the generally accepted Iroquois derivation, *kannata* or collection of cabins. It has also been urged that a French sailor by the name of Canse first gave his name to the strait, but this theory has been easily disposed of by the fact that the author who is mentioned as the authority for this supposition was actually writing of the West Indies, and referred to one *Cause*.† As a matter of fact the name first appears at the port of Canseau, on the southeast coast of Nova Scotia—a great resort of Breton and Basque fishermen from early times—and was subsequently extended to the arm of the sea between the peninsula of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. L'Escarbot is no doubt correct in stating that it is an Indian word; and indeed, on reference to the best work on the Micmac tongue, we find that it still exists in the old form of *Kamsok*, which means “a steep bluff rises on the opposite side.” The Indians, in accord with their custom of naming places from certain natural characteristics, probably so called the strait from the steep bluffs on the Nova Scotia side, one of which, Cape Porcupine, is specially conspicuous from its curious resemblance to the back of the little animal from which it is named. The French, who frequented the port of Canseau, must have given it the Indian name of the strait.

St. Peter's—the French Port Toulouse—is the first place, after leaving the railway on the Nova Scotia side of the strait, where we find ourselves on historic ground in Cape Breton. In these later times a ship canal has been constructed to connect the wide bay of the same name with the famous Bras d'Or Lake. The establishment, formed at St. Peter's in 1637 by Sieur Denys, was situated, as far as can be ascertained, on a rocky neck of land in a little cove to the right of the entrance of the canal; and in this same neighborhood, from the days of the French, there has always been a small settlement of fishermen and traders. The new village, which has grown up since the construction of the canal, can be seen to the left of the canal, and is a collection of painted or whitewashed wooden houses, almost bare of trees. In old times, when Pichon‡ wrote

* Judge Haliburton (“Sam Slick”), in the *History of Nova Scotia*, II., 223, n.

† Abbé Laverdière, in a note to his edition of *Champlain's Works*, II., 279.

‡ *Lettres et Memoires pour servir à l'histoire du Cap Breton*. A La Haye et Londres, 1759.

of this locality, it was a centre of communication for the whole island, and the most important post after Louisbourg. Here one "could observe the least motion of the English at Canso or in the passage of Fronsac, and advice could be sent to the commandant at Louisbourg in less than eighteen hours." In 1755 there were in this place two hundred and thirty inhabitants, exclusive of officers and troops, and the people, who were very industrious, found constant employment in building boats and vessels, in the cutting of timber, and in the fisheries. The name of Port Toulouse, which was given in honor of an eminent count, an illegitimate son of Louis XIV., has passed away since 1758, and the older name of St. Peter's, which existed in the time of Denys, has been restored, if indeed it ever disappeared from the vocabulary of the people or of the sailors who frequented this port. It is claimed that the name was originally Portuguese, and there is some authority for this claim in the fact that we find in the old maps a Cape St. Petro or St. Pietro in the vicinity of an arm of the sea, between the *terra des Bretones* and Cap de Breton. One learned archæologist* inclined to believe that it was at St. Peter's, and not at Inganiche, that the Portuguese made their first and only settlement in the gulf, and goes so far as to make them the builders of a fort, the ruins of which can still be traced about one hundred yards to the westward of the canal; but here we enter into the realm of mere speculation, and have really no facts before us except the general knowledge that this was certainly a favorite resort of the early French, and was probably visited by the Portuguese as early as, if not before, the Basques. We have to be content with the information given us by Champlain, who had the best means of knowing something of the subject, that Inganiche was the scene of the abortive attempt of the Portuguese to establish a settlement in Cape Breton, and we should probably be grateful to the learned antiquarian who favors the claim of St. Peter's, that, in his zeal for the Portuguese, he does not tax our ingenuity too far, but allows the Micmacs to retain the possession of the word Inganis or Inganiche—undoubtedly of Indian origin.

But leaving these curious imaginings of the old mortalities of the countries on the gulf—and it is amazingly easy to build up theories of the past on the slight evidence that remains to us of the occupation of the island before the French—we come to the remarkable mediterranean sea known in these times as the Bras d'Or lakes. Here we can sail or steam for many hours on the bosom of an arm of the sea, ever widening, ever lessening, with the highlands of the north always visible, and the lowlands

* Rev. Dr. Patterson, in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, Vol. VIII., sec. 2, and the *Magazine of American History*, May, 1891, Vol. XXV., p. 389.

of the south receding as we find ourselves on one of its great expansions. Anon we pass through a narrow gorge or channel, cut by some convulsion of nature, or more probably worn by the action of the waves since primeval times, and pass from one lake to another. From northeast to southwest, in the course of untold centuries since the world was young, the sea has steadily forced its way through the rocky hills of the interior of the island and formed a series of lakes, bays, and channels, affording safe and uninterrupted navigation for ships of large size for at least fifty miles from Point Aconi, the most easterly head of Boularderie Island, to the narrow isthmus which long barred progress to the Gut of Canso. Here at last the enterprise of man has come to the aid of these inland waters and given them access to St. Peter's Bay, by means of the fine canal already mentioned. The lakes divide Cape Breton into two sections, each distinguished by diverse natural features. The northern division is remarkable for its lofty mountains and cliffs.

The southern division has none of the ruggedness and grandeur of the country on the other side of the lakes, but here we find the most spacious harbors, of which Sydney and Louisbourg are the best, and the richest coal areas of the island. From Port Hawkesbury, at the strait of Canso, as far as Cape Lawrence, there are no good harbors on the picturesque western coast compared with those on the southern and eastern coast of the other division. Between the eastern entrances of the Bras d'Or and the storm-swept promontory of Cape North there is the fine harbor of St. Anne's, which at one time was nearly chosen the capital of Cape Breton, then Isle Royale, and is in its natural aspect more interesting than Louisbourg on account of its sublime vistas of forest-clad hills, and the great ocean far beyond. The Bras d'Or lakes are connected at the east with the gulf by means of two guts or straits known as the great and the little Bras d'Or entrances, one running to the north and the other to the south of the fine island of Boularderie, which is a long, narrow tract of land inhabited chiefly by Scotch settlers, and which was also called in French times the Isle de Verderonne, until it came to be better known by the name of its first proprietor, a French gentleman who served with distinction in the French navy, and at Port Royal in Acadia. At several points on the lakes, from St. Peter's to Sydney, there are many features of interest to attract the tourist. The picturesque narrows which connect the two lakes is now crossed by a graceful drawbridge of iron, over which the railway passes from the strait of Canso to the capital town of Cape Breton. At this point you catch many charming glimpses of the expansive lake and the dim hills which stretch far to the north and west. Baddeck, strictly speak-

ing, Bedek, an old Micmac name changed by the French to Bedeque, is a charming harbor, where a little summer retreat has been made on the slopes and plateaus of the hill that rises from the water's edge.

Here Charles Dudley Warner dipped his pen to describe its charms in his humorous vein, and now science finds its representative in Professor Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who has raised his laboratory in this sylvan retreat, and finds the rest he needs by cruising in the devious channels and bays of these beauteous inland waters. The sail from this pretty spot through the entrance of the great Bras d'Or offers many a charming vista of cliffs where the gypsum mingles its white with the dark green of the overhanging spruce, and where the land rises into lofty hills, with their slopes dotted here and there with cottages surrounded by little patches of meadow. Churches with tapering steeples, all of an unfailing type—square, commodious, and ugly—testify to the religious fervor of the inhabitants who live by the side of this interesting lake. At vespers we hear the peal of the bells coming over the water, and finding an echo in the dark receding hills. Sometimes this sheet of water takes a fancy of running deviously into the recesses of the hills, and of forming bays and basins where the land rises precipitately from the water's edge, and only at intervals offers places sufficiently level for the farmer to make his little clearing. Many places on the lakes bear uncouth Micmac names—Whycocomagh, for instance—but still, there are not a few memorials of the old French days. One romantic basin, where the entrance is barred by ragged islets, and the shores are indented by numerous little coves, receives the waters of a stream which forces its way from the northwestern country where we meet with a Sky Glen, a Mull, a Glen Dhu, Strath Lorn, Glencoe and Brigend, to remind us of the origin of the people who now live among the Cape Breton hills. But this basin and river still bear the name of Denys, in honor of the old seigneur of Cape Breton, who held large grants of land in the country watered by the river in question.

No one who visits the Bras d'Or lakes but will readily confess that it is appropriately called the Golden Arm, not merely on account of its picturesque features, but equally for the natural wealth that exists in its waters, its excellent farm lands, its plaster quarries, and in the other riches that still lie buried in its mountain ranges. This poetic name, however, appears to be quite of recent origin. All the old French and English charts of the island give to the lakes the name of Labrador. It is true the English version of Pichon's descriptive sketch, in one place, speaks of the Golden Arm, but in every other part of the work he uses the old name. In Denys's map of 1672, and in that of the Sieur Bellin in 1744, we find

"Labrador"—the latter adding "*appelée par les sauvages 'Bideanboch.'*" It is still called by the Micmacs "Petoobook," which is the correct spelling of a word which the French reproduced as nearly as possible from the sounds. In all probability, it is the same name given by the Portuguese navigators to the sterile country to the east of Canada, which they were the first Europeans to discover. How it came also to be applied to this inland sea of Cape Breton we have no conclusive evidence to guide us. It is generally believed that the name was first given to the coast of the continent because Cortereal took away with him a number of Indians who were described as well fitted for slaves. No such incident is connected with the history of Cape Breton. If it were possible to believe that the name Brador or Bradour is an Indian name, meaning a deep and narrow bay, which, like the fiords of Scandinavia, stretches into the interior of a country, then the difficulty would be solved, but there is no good authority for this statement. Bradore bay, on the Labrador coast, is considered to be of French origin—simply the Breton mode of pronouncing *Bras d'eau*; and if we are to accept this as a fact, then it is easy to suppose that the French who settled on this Cape Breton sea gave it the name which describes its natural characteristics.

It is a curious fact, which is worth mentioning in this connection, that a French privateer, commanded by M. de Brotz, which was captured the year before the first siege of Louisbourg, while cruising in search of colonial vessels, was not only built on the lakes, but actually called after them, *Labrador*—another proof of the general acceptance of the name. It is just possible that among the early settlers in this part of the island there were some French settlers from Bradore Bay, on the bleak northeastern coast of the gulf, and that in this way the name was first given to this beautiful lake, which, in later times, so impressed its visitors that they changed it to the more poetic appellation which it now bears.

If Bras d'Or is but a modern phrase, it is not the only example we have of the tendency to give a French version to names, the original meaning of which has been lost in the lapse of centuries. We see this illustrated in the name of the little bay of Mainadieu, to the westward of the dangerous isle of Scatari, to which was also sometimes given the name of Little Cape Breton. The southern head of this bay is that cape from which the large island itself has in course of years been called. Nearly all the French maps describe it as Menadou, and Charlevoix gives us, for a variation, Panadou—in all probability an Indian name, like Pictou in Nova Scotia, or Mabou on the western coast of Cape Breton, or Cibou,

which was the Micmac name of either St. Anne's or Sydney, if not of both, since Seboo is Indian for a great river.*

It was obviously easy to coin Mainadieu out of the old Indian word, so akin to it in sound, and to suppose that it was once given by some storm-tossed sailor who believed that he saw the hand of God stretched forth to guide him into this little haven of refuge on the rough Cape Breton coast. Nigh by are two little harbors on whose low hills fishermen have dwelt from the earliest days of which we have any records, and whose names appear frequently in the accounts of the two sieges of Louisbourg, especially in that of 1758, since it was in one of these ports that Wolfe established a depot for the support of his batteries.

Some years ago a woman of the neighborhood, while passing a little hillock, accidentally discovered a small jar which had been hidden for a century and a quarter or more, until the rains and snows had worn away the earth and brought it to light. As she lifted it carelessly a little stream of gold coin poured forth—louis d'or from the mint of the days of Louis Quinze, whose head was imprinted on the metal. In all probability, in a hurried flight to Louisbourg, when the English came on the coast in 1758, the treasure was buried and never reclaimed by the owner, who found his death behind the walls of the old town. The place where these coins were found is now known as Little Loran, in distinction from Great or Big Loran, the port nearest to Louisbourg, where Wolfe made his post. Some contend that the name is only a corruption of Lorraine, but nowhere in any writing or map is there authority for such a hypothesis. Bellin, Pichon, and others give Lorembec, which naturally recalls Kebec and Arambec, the other name of Norembegue or Norembec, and other Indian names of places in Acadia and on the gulf. In the Micmac tongue *bek* or *bec* is a familiar termination to the names of places, and one French writer has called this harbor Laurentbec. We may assume that Laurentbec was simply an attempt to Gallicize an unknown Indian name whose sound to the ear naturally recalled the familiar title of the great gulf and river of Canada. Loran is only the corruption of the stately name of Lorraine, which was given it for years when no one, after the occupation by the English, could interpret the original word Lorembec, and there was a general tendency to fall back on the French régime in such matters of perplexity. In all likelihood we see in the strange and hitherto meaningless Lorembec a survival of an Algonquin word, which was applied in some remote time of which we have no accurate knowledge to the ill-

* See Rev. Dr. Rand's *Micmac Dictionary*, published at Halifax, N. S., 1888. The beautiful "Sissiboo" in western Nova Scotia is the same name in a slightly changed form.

defined region which was known as Norumbega, or Norumbec, or Norumbegue, and even Arambec—though Nova Scotia was probably Arambec—and was believed by some mariners and geographers of ancient days to extend from Florida even to the eastern shores of Cape Breton. The old French voyagers may have found the word on the coast of Cape Breton, and have given it to the places where they first heard it, and where it has lingered until its origin has been forgotten and it has at last become Loran. Thus we may see in these obscure harbors of eastern Cape Breton a link to connect us with the past of northeastern America—that land of shadows and mysteries where the city of Norumbega rose, with palaces as substantial as those chateaux-en-Espagne of which all of us dream in the buoyancy and enthusiasm of hopeful and early manhood.

But we leave all these interesting memorials of a misty historic past that we find on the shores of Cape Breton, and pass on to Louisbourg, to which the thoughts of the student and traveler naturally turn. Our starting-point is Sydney, the present capital, prettily situated on a peninsula well adapted for a fine town, and the headquarters of a large coal trade—one of those old places where, among the modern improvements of towns nowadays, a few quaint one-storied houses, tumble-down barracks, and worm-eaten wharves show it has had a history. Sydney has one of the safest and largest harbors in America, and has been, from the earliest times in the history of Cape Breton, the constant resort of vessels engaged in the fisheries, or in the commerce of this continent.

One of the most noteworthy events in days before France built Louisbourg was the fact that it was in this spacious haven Admiral Sir Hoven-den Walker anchored his fleet during the September of 1711, after the great loss he sustained while on his way to attack Quebec. It was here he came to the determination to sail to England without striking a blow for her honor and gain in America. From time to time French corsairs found refuge in the sheltered nooks and creeks of this great port, but we have no record of any event of moment that signalized its history until the foundation of the town in 1784, by Lieutenant-Governor Des Barres, a soldier who took part in the second siege of Louisbourg, and was present at the death of Wolfe on the field of Abraham. The little capital of the island was named in honor of Lord Sydney, then one of the queen's secretaries of state. The town has had a sluggish growth during its century of existence, and it is only within a few years, with the development of the great coal mines in the vicinity, that it has thrown off the apathy of the past, and taken a place among the active mercantile communities of Nova Scotia. It has an energetic competitor in

North Sydney, some six miles lower down the harbor, not far from the entrance of the port. In the summer days the port is visited by vessels of the French fleet that protect the fisheries on the coast of Newfoundland, and the industrious descendants of the Basque, Breton, and Norman adventurers of old still drag up the riches of the sea on the Grand Banks, where the codfish—the *baccalaos* of the Basques—appear as prolific as in the days when those sailors first explored the unknown waters of eastern America. By the irony of fate, the only remains of French dominion now in the Gulf of St. Lawrence are the insignificant islands of St. Pierre, Miquelon, and Langley, off the southern coast of the great island to which the names of Baccalaos, Terre Neuve, Avalon, and Newfoundland cling from the days of Cabot and Cortereal. Louisbourg is in ruins, and the French flag is no longer seen in that port, but floats only from the mastheads of ships of France in the harbor which they neglected in the days when her king was master on his royal island.*

After leaving Sydney we have to travel for a distance of at least twenty-four miles on a fairly good road, which offers no particular attractions except for a few minutes when we cross the Mira river, a noble stream which broadens, some miles from its mouth, into a long, extensive lake surrounded by well-wooded hills, and is justly named Grand Mira by the people. Glimpses of Catalogne Lake and of the great ocean away beyond to the eastward help to relieve the monotony of a rugged landscape. We pass a number of not too well cultivated farms, each with its little homestead of logs or sawn lumber, chiefly occupied by Scotch settlers. Gradually we can smell the fresh salt air, that tells us of our nearness to the sea, and suddenly emerging from a desolate-looking country, covered with small spruce, or with stumps and rocks where there happens to be a little clearing, we find ourselves on the hills which overlook the harbor, which stretches before us from northeast to southwest. If the day be foggy and dull—and there is a prevalence of such weather on that southeast coast of Cape Breton—the feeling that comes to the visitor is one of intense loneliness as he surveys the scattered houses, the almost deserted port, the absence of any commercial activity, and the wide expanse of ocean stretch-

* Until a few years ago the French flag floated from a tall staff on a grassplot near the water's edge in front of a large white house with wide, generous veranda and green shrubberies, which was and is still one of the conspicuous features of the harbor of Sydney. Within a stone's throw of this old mansion, whose framework is now nearly a century old, have anchored the vessels of the Newfoundland squadron for fifty years and more, and its quaint, low rooms are filled with mementos of illustrious French sailors, like Admirals Le Roncière and Cloué, who in times past have partaken of the hospitalities of the kindly owner—the late Senator Bourinot—long a vice-consul of France.

ing away to the eastern horizon. This feeling is naturally intensified by memories of the very different scenes that were witnessed on the same harbor in the middle of last century. It is by such contrasts between the past and the present that a place like Louisbourg makes the most impression on the mind. A large, bustling city would cause us almost to forget the historic days of old, and could not have the charm of the lonely aspect that the site of the old town now wears.

The fortifications of Louisbourg were commenced in 1720, and cost the French nation three millions of livres, or about six million dollars; or, taking into account the greater value of money in those days, over ten million dollars of our money, and even then they were never completed in accordance with the original design, on account of the enormous expense, which far exceeded the careful estimates, and of the reluctance of the French king to spend money in America when it was required to meet the lavish expenditure of mistresses, and the cost of wars of ambition in Europe. The walls of the fortifications were chiefly built of a porphyritic trap—a prevailing rock in the vicinity.* A considerable portion of the finer materials used in the construction of the brick and stone masonry of the fortifications and buildings was actually brought from France, as ballast, probably, in the fishing fleet from year to year; but it is also well known that a good deal of the timber and brick was purchased from traders of New England, who had no objection to earn an honest penny, even among a people whom they at once despised and hated. Some of them, in all probability, helped at a later time to demolish the very walls for which they had furnished materials. It is stated with so much persistence by French officers, that we must believe there is some truth in it, that the fortifications had been constructed carelessly, and worthless sea-sand used in mixing the mortar. It is quite probable that at Louisbourg, as in Canada, the officials in charge of the works cheated the government in every possible way in order to amass enough to get out of the country, to which many of them had a strong aversion.

This harbor, so full of memories, possesses natural characteristics which are peculiar to itself, and after a while bring with them a feeling of rest and isolation from the great world which frets and fumes away beyond it, and has brought none of its activity to its now relatively deserted shores.

* Dr. Gesner, in his *Industrial Resources of Nova Scotia*, p. 303. "The quarry," he writes of a visit to the ruins in 1849, "is seen about half a mile from the town. The stones were employed in their rough state. With them I found a handsome cut rock, closely resembling the Portland stone of England. I have been informed that this rock was obtained by the French at Mira river, but I have never seen any like it in America. Pieces of fine polished marble were also found among the ruins of the governor's dwelling."

Nature here, too, is seen in most varied aspects. The very atmospheric changes, so sudden at times, somehow seem adapted to the varying moods of life. One day all is bright, and the waters of the port sparkle in the sunshine, the gulls and seabirds take lofty flights in the pure atmosphere, the patches of stunted spruce assume a deeper green, and the lights and shadows play above the ruined ramparts of the old town, to which the eye ever turns in remembrance of the past. Then in a moment the wind veers round, and as we look to the southeast we can just see above the horizon a low bank of gray shadow, which moves forward, and soon enshrouds the islands at the entrance and the lighthouse on its rocky height in a cloud of mist, which increases steadily in volume until at last the point of land on which the old fortress once stood is no longer visible to the eye. Then, a few hours later, the wind changes once more, a cooling breeze comes from the northwest, the dense fog is driven out to sea again, and the harbor is revealed in all its solitary beauty. Or perhaps the wind rises to a storm, and then the waves dash with great velocity on the rocks and islets that bar the ocean from the port, which, despite the tempest outside, seems remarkably unruffled, and affords still a safe anchorage to the boats and vessels that are now its sole tenants, instead of the great fleets of stately ships that whitened its waters in the days of old.

Let us walk around this harbor on a bright day, when the fog, for once, has found its way beneath the horizon, and take a brief survey of the natural features of this curious landscape, and of the memorials that still remain of the old régime. The lighthouse point, or rocky promontory that forms the northeastern entrance, is the terminus of a great mass of rocks, where the inevitable spruce has obtained a foothold, and the varied flora of this northern region bloom amid the crevices or on the swampy ground which is a prevalent feature of the country. The beach is one great collection of rocky débris, which seems to have been thrown up by some giant effort of nature, and it requires no slight effort to find one's way amid these masses of rock piled on rock, worn smooth as marble by the unceasing action of the waves, and covered at their base with great bunches of entangled seaweed and shells, which glisten like so many necklets of amber beneath the sunlight as it peers into the little pools that have been left by the tide when it has receded to the bosom of mother ocean. Some few paces eastward of the lighthouse a mound or two of turf represents the battery which in Wolfe's time did so much execution on the works on Goat Island, about a third of a mile distant in a southerly direction—a mass of rock and earth, where old cannon balls and pieces of artillery are now and then turned up by the waves as they roll during the equinoctial gales on its

rugged shores. On these islands that guard the port seabirds without number still build their nests, and at certain seasons of the year, when the visitor lands among the rocks, they rise by myriads into the sky, and hover like a great cloud above the islets. The lighthouse, a tall wooden building with a fixed light, stands securely on a pinnacle of rock—a dreary home in the storms of autumn and winter, and the fogs of spring. From here, sometimes—although rarely at this particular point—in early spring, one can see vast fields of ice stretching as far as the eye can reach, blockading all approaches to the port, as in the days when Pepperrell's little expedition lay anchored at Canso. But the westerly winds soon scatter these ice-floes, and send them to melt in the warm current of the Gulf Stream, and the keeper from his lantern tower looks once more on the wide expanse of ocean, with all its varied moods in that uncertain region where storm and sunshine are ever fighting for the mastery. A short distance from the lighthouse there is a white modern cottage, a pleasant summer home, whose green lawn slopes to the edge of a little pond, guarded from the encroachments of the ocean by a causeway of stone. Here is a vista of land and sea of rare attraction for the wearied resident of the town.

Following the sinuosities of the harbor we come to where once stood the careening wharf of the French, and here, when the writer last saw the place, was a high and long pier for loading vessels with the coal brought some twelve miles from the mines by a narrow-gauge railway. In this neighborhood, when the railway was built, there was to be a new town of Louisbourg, and a large coal business was to be prosecuted in summer and winter; but the pier has fallen into decay—it is probably removed by this time—the railway has been derailed in places, the wooden trestle-work over Catalogne Lake has rotted away, and Louisbourg has again been deserted for the town of Sydney. The road round this rugged promontory runs through great rents blasted in the rocks, and nears at times the very edge of the precipices. At intervals are fishing stages and moldering warehouses, recalling old times of large business activity. We pass by the little northeast harbor which forms so safe a haven for the trading schooners and fishing boats which are always moored here as in former times. As we walk down the west side towards the site of the French town we notice that the land ascends gently from the very edge of the harbor, and forms a pleasant site for the present village of Louisbourg, a collection of twenty or more whitewashed or painted houses, a canning factory,* and two or three churches. Some shops stand by the roadside or in the vicinity of the wharves, where there is generally

* The manager was—perhaps is—also from Maine, like Pepperrell.

fish drying on flakes. Some meadows, covered with a spare crop of grass or late vegetables, represent the agricultural enterprise that is possible on a thin soil, which receives little encouragement in this changeable atmosphere of fog and rain, in this country where the spring is a delusion and the summer too often a mockery, since it is so short, though in July and August there are days whose cool, soft temperature is most delicious. The old ruins of the grand, or royal battery, about midway on the west side, are quite visible, and as we survey them, map in hand, it is easy enough with a little patience and an effort of the imagination to trace the lines of the works. Here, however, as elsewhere, we can pay our tribute to the thoroughness with which the English sappers and miners, one hundred and thirty years since, obeyed their instructions to destroy the old fortifications, and leave not one stone on another lest they might at some time be found serviceable to an enemy. Just before coming to the *barachois*, so often mentioned in the accounts of the two sieges,* we see before us a large wooden chapel with a prominent steeple, the most pretentious ecclesiastical building in the place, and the cross that points to heaven is so much evidence that Rome claims her votaries in her old domain, and that the hatchets of the Puritan iconoclasts of Pepperrell's time were of little avail after all, but that her doctrines still flourish in the island of Cape Breton. We cross the *barachois* by a rude bridge and follow the road along the beach for a quarter of a mile or so, then come to a collection of fish stages and wharves made of poles laid on logs which are redolent of the staple industry of Louisbourg. Then we turn up a hill, and soon find ourselves on the grass-covered mounds of the old town. If we take a position on the site of the king's bastion, the most prominent point of the ruins, we see to the southwest the waters of the spacious Bay of Gabarus, generally called in old English books *Chapeau rouge*, though how it came to be so called has heretofore been one of the many puzzles that the names of many places in Cape Breton offer us. In the well-known map of Nicholas Bellin, the famous French engineer, which is given in Charlevoix's *History of New France*, the bay is called by the still more mysterious name of Gabori. As a matter of fact the bay appears to have been named at an early period after a M. Cabarus, a Frenchman of Bayonne, who was the first to visit its shores, though I have not been able to find the exact date.† It was on the beach of this great bay that the New England troops under Pepperrell in 1745 and the

* The name *barachois* was given by the French to a salt water pond, having communication with the sea. The name is still common as *barasois* in Cape Breton.

† In one of Dufosse's (Paris) catalogues appears the following entry, which corroborates the

British army under Amherst and Wolfe in 1758 made their landing and marched against Louisbourg. Immediately below are the remains of the casemates where the women and children found a refuge during the last siege. Looking at the three that remain, it is easy to see that any number of persons must have been huddled together in a very pitiable fashion. Sheep now find shelter within these rudely constructed retreats. All around them in summer time there are patches of red clover, mingling its fragrance with the salt sea breeze, and reminding us how often this grass grows rank and rich in old graveyards, as it were to show how nature survives the memorials of man's ambition and pride. The low, rugged country that stretches for a league and more to Gabarus presents all the natural features of rock and swamp, with patches of alders and the stunted fir that seem to flourish best on this poor, bleak coast. It is quite easy to follow the contour of the fortifications until they come to the old burying-ground on Rochefort Point, where hundreds of New Englanders and of French and English soldiers found their last resting-place in 1745 and 1758. No tombstone or cairn or cross has been raised; the ground has never been blessed by priest; the names of the dead are all forgotten. Frenchmen, Englishmen, and colonists, Catholics and Puritans, now sleep side by side regardless of the wars of creeds, beneath the green sward which the sheep nibble with all the avidity of their kind.

The deep ditch near the King's bastion is still full of water, and the stumps of the picket palisades, which were raised in 1745 between the Princess's and the Brouillon bastions are visible in places. We can see, too, in the water the remains of the bridge which stretched across the shallow pond between the Maurepas and Grève batteries. The places of the numerous stages for drying fish in the old times on the harbor front can still be traced, with a little trouble, on the shore at low tide. On the site of the town there are piles of brick and stone, which have been dug up by the present inhabitants when they required materials for building. Many of the chimneys in the humble cabins of the fishermen are built of brick from France, or perhaps from New England. Cannon balls and bombshells are frequently found at low tide on the shores, and more than once an old swivel cannon has been dug up in the sand. It is rarely, however, that any relics of interest or value are discovered at Louisbourg.

statement in the text : "Cabarrus (Dominique de). Lettres de noblesse accordées au Sieur Dominique de Cabarrus, négociant à Bayonne, données à Versailles au mois d'Avril, 1789. Copie contresignée par d'Hozier de Serigny, 4 pp. in fol. Cachet du Cabinet d'Hozier.

"Ext. C'est le frère du Sieur Dominique de Cabarrus qui a donné son nom à la baie Cabarrus à l'Isle Royale."

Delving in the débris of an old foundation, probably that of the hospital, the writer once found some pieces of tarnished gold lace, which may have belonged to an officer wounded in the last siege. But such a treasure as was found at Loran—to give the place its now familiar name—has never, to my knowledge, been turned up among the ashes of the old town. All articles of value were taken away by the people, if, indeed, there were many in a place which few persons regarded as a permanent home.

Those who have ever paid a visit, of late years, to the city of Cambridge, in Massachusetts, and lingered for a while under the noble elms that shade its wide streets and cluster around the buildings of Harvard, may have noticed a small gilded cross above the doorway of Gore Hall, where the great New England university has housed its principal library. One must at first wonder why this religious symbol, only found as a rule on Roman Catholic buildings or Anglican churches of an extreme type, should adorn the doorway of a seat of learning in once Puritan New England. On inquiry we find it is a historic link which connects the old Bay State with the distant and almost forgotten port on the windy eastern coast of Cape Breton. Nearly a century and a half has passed since this simple cross was taken from its place on a Louisbourg church, probably by one of the soldiers of Pepperrell's expedition, at the command of one of the Puritan clergymen, who regarded it as a symbol of idolatry. It was carried to New England and forgotten among other relics, until an enthusiastic and scholarly historian brought it to light and gave it the prominent position it now occupies in Harvard. Here we have undoubtedly clear evidence of the extreme liberality of these days that would make the old preacher, Moody, who carried to Louisbourg a hatchet to cut down the Papist images, lift his voice in stern rebuke of the degeneracy of his countrymen were he permitted, by a higher power, to return to the land where he once denounced the Roman Catholic religion with so much bitterness of tongue. In the state where Governor Endicott cut the red cross from the English flag, the same symbol now not only invites the people to numerous churches, but seems to offer a benison to the youth of New England who pass beneath the portals of Harvard's library.*

As one looks carefully in these days at the natural position of the old fortress, it is quite obvious that it must have been extremely weak on the

*In a letter to the author, Dr. Justin Winsor, the librarian of Harvard, says: "The story is that the iron cross above the door of our library was brought back to Massachusetts after the siege of Louisbourg (in 1745) by the returned troops. When I found it, in 1877, in the cellar of the library, it had a label on it to that effect. It is supposed to have been on the Catholic chapel (in the citadel or hospital church?). I say this much, and give a cut of it in the second volume of the *Memorial History of Boston* (frontispiece)."

land side, when once an enemy obtained a footing on shore. The most dangerous point was, of course, Gabarus Bay, and the French would have been wise had they built strong permanent forts or batteries at every cove where there was a chance of an enemy's landing. The history of the last siege shows that the French were quite aware of the necessity for such batteries, but they had no force strong enough to maintain even the works they were able to construct with the materials close at hand. In endeavoring to prevent the landing they had left the town itself almost undefended. Then, when the enemy was established in force, the French were not able to hinder them from taking possession of the northeast entrance, and the green hills which command the town. The grand battery was never of any use, and the one at Lighthouse Point was also deserted at the first sign of peril. Both of these works, if held by the French, could have thwarted the plans of the English for some time; but as it was there were no men to spare for these outworks, if, indeed, they were in a condition to resist attack for many days. The town, then, from the land side, stood isolated and dependent entirely on its own defenses. From the sea, on the other hand, it was much less liable to danger. We have evidence of this in the fact that the island battery at the entrance, during the two sieges, for weeks kept the fleet outside of the harbor. If Lighthouse Point had been defended by a powerful fort, garrisoned by a sufficient force, the entrance would have been almost impregnable.

The rocky islands that lie between the ocean and the port, and make it so secure a haven in the most tempestuous season, present a very picturesque aspect as we survey them from the heights of the old town. They seem to form a sort of cordon of rocks and shoals, on which the sea rushes in all its impetuosity, only to find itself stopped in its fierce desire to reach the peaceful haven. The spray rises in times of storm in great clouds of mist on these dangerous rocky ledges, and then, as soon as the wind subsides, there is hardly a ripple to tell of the danger that lurks beneath the unruffled surface that hides these rocks, where death ever awaits the storm-tossed or careless sailor. It was on one of such rocks in the vicinity of Porto Novo, to the northeast of Louisbourg, that the French frigate *Chameau*, on her way to Quebec, was shipwrecked one August night in 1725, and all New France was "placed in mourning, and lost more in one day than she had lost by twenty years of war." It is easy to imagine that there are several channels among these Louisbourg islets as one surveys them on a fine, calm day, but woe betide the vessel that recklessly and ignorantly ventures within these dangerous passages, which are only so many lures to shipwreck and death.

As we stand on the ruined ramparts, let us for a moment forget the placid scene that forces itself upon us on every side in these days of the old port's departed greatness, and recall the history of the past, with its enterprising adventurers and discoverers, its bold soldiers and famous sailors, its squadrons of stately ships and its regiments drawn from France, England, and the Thirteen Colonies, then developing into national life and activity. Cape Breton, in these times, is merely a fine island to the tourist who travels through its picturesque lakes, and surveys its noble ports and bays only in the light of the practical present. Its geological features and its rich coal deposits attract the scientist. Others speculate with the eye and brain of the capitalist on the opportunities that its mineral and other resources, and its admirable position at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, offer to enterprise and energy. Some still look forward with reason to the time when Louisbourg will become a great port of the world's commerce, and more than realize the conceptions of the astute Frenchmen nearly two centuries ago. But these are not the only thoughts that will press upon the mind at times when we travel over the historic ground that lies between the old village of Port Toulouse and the ruins of Louisbourg. We can see in imagination the sails of the Basque and Breton fishermen hovering centuries ago off the bays of the island, which had no name and hardly a place then in the rude maps of the world. We can see Spaniard and Portuguese venturing into its unknown rivers and harbors, and giving them names which were so many recollections of their old homes across the sea. At times, when the vessels of many nations anchor in its safe havens, we hear a curious medley of tongues—the Saxon words of Kent and Devon, the curious dialect of the Bay of Biscay, the sonorous Spanish and its offspring, the Portuguese; the Celtic language of Bretagne, so closely allied to that of the ancient Britons across the English Channel. The years pass by, and the island still remains a solitude, save where the wandering Micmac raises his birch lodge and lights his fires on the shores of the inlets and rivers of the noble lakes, then in all the sublimity of their pristine beauties—vistas of great forests untouched by the axe, and of mountains where the foot of European never trod. Then suddenly a town rises on its eastern shores—a town with walls of stone, where the cannon and lilies of France tell of the ambition of the nations of Europe to seize the new world, with its enormous possibilities. Then it is no longer the sails of adventurous fishermen that dot these waters. We see great fleets, with their armaments of heavy metal, ranged for miles off the harbor that now represents the power of France. We can hear the shouts of triumph as the flag comes down from the *Vigilante*, sur-

prised on her way to succor Louisbourg. We can see the dim hull of the *Aréthuse* stealing, amid the darkness of night, through the vessels of the blockading squadron, to tell the French king that his dream of empire in America is fast drawing to an end. We can see the old, leaky *Notre Dame de Délivrance*—no longer a name of auspicious omen—carried into port with its rich cargo of gold and silver from the mines of Peru, amid the cheers of the sailors on the English ships, and of the soldiers as they crowd the ramparts of the town, over which the French flag is flying still in mockery of the hopes of De Ulloa and his French companions, when they sought the port as a safe refuge after their storm-tossed voyage from the Spanish colonies of the south.* We can see the men working like so many ants in the trenches, and manning the batteries from which the shot flies fierce and hot upon the devoted town, making great breaches in its walls. Farmers, fishermen, and mechanics of New England, sturdy, energetic, sharp-witted, full of wise saws and scriptural quotations specially adapted to themselves and their own wishes; men from the grass meadows of Devon and the hop gardens of Kent; stalwart highlandmen whose hearts still go across the water to Prince Charlie, or linger in their Scottish glens, which may know them no more; sturdy English sea-dogs, as ready to swear as to fight; the self-reliant, calm merchant of the Piscataqua, the tall, gaunt form of Wolfe, with his emaciated face, on which illness had left its impress; Duchambon and Drucour, with disappointment and care depicted in their eyes, as they survey the ruins of their fortress; the silent, sullen Frenchmen mourning their fate as they see the red cross of England flying above their citadel; a gentle, cultured lady, amid the storm of shot and shell, showing Frenchmen that their women would, if they could, fight for France and her honor to the last; † a sturdy sailor, who, in later times, was to give England the right to claim an Australasian continent in the southern seas. ‡ All these pass in rapid panorama before our eyes as we recall the shadowy past with its associations of victories won on three continents. Here we stand on ruins which link us with the victories

* In 1745, after the capitulation, the French flag was allowed to remain on the citadel, and several ships were consequently decoyed into the port. Among these was the *Délivrance*, laden with ingots of silver from South America, and having on board a distinguished Spanish savant, Don Juan de Ulloa, who has left us a record of his impressions of Louisbourg.

† Madame Drucour, wife of the governor, "has performed such exploits during the siege as must entitle her to a rank among the most illustrious of her sex; for she fired three cannon every day in order to animate the gunners. After the surrender of the town, she interested herself in behalf of all the unfortunate people that had recourse to her mediation." See *Pichon's Memoirs* (London, 1760), p. 382.

‡ The famous Captain Cook was a petty officer on the English fleet.

of Plassy, Rossbach, and Minden; with new empires won in Asia and Europe; with the rise of dynasties, and the defeated schemes of kings and princes once dominant in Europe. Three continents were here allied in the days of Pitt, and whether we walk over these old ruins in Cape Breton or bow reverently before the monuments that tell of England's famous men in her ancient abbey, and see most conspicuous among them all the stately figure of Chatham, with his outstretched arm, "bidding England to be of good cheer, and hurling defiance at her foes," we feel that though this land of ours be new and have few of those historic memories that make every inch of England or of France so dear to the historian, the poet, and the novelist, yet here at least, at Louisbourg as at Quebec, and on the banks of Champlain, we have a rich heritage of associations that connect us with the most fascinating and momentous pages of the world's history. But we soon awake from this reverie to see around us only grassy mounds, and in place of the great fleets which once whitened the sea, from Lorembec to Gabarus, with their great spread of canvas, in days when ships were objects of interest and beauty, and not uncouth masses of iron and steel, we see now only a little fishing boat running merrily with a favoring breeze through the narrow entrance, perhaps a white sail or two in the distant horizon, or a lengthening streamer of smoke which tells us of a passing steamer, engaged in the commerce which long since left this port, once the hope of France. History often repeats itself, and perhaps the time may come when a great town will rise on the site of the old fortress; not a town of bastions and batteries, to represent the ambition and evanescent glory of nations, but a town built on a permanent basis of commerce, energy, and enterprise, with its port crowded with shipping bringing to it a constant freightage of riches greater than those concealed in the ships of Pepperrell's time; with mansions and edifices illustrating the culture and progress of the new era which had at last come to an island long forgotten by the world, despite the important part it once played in the wars of national ambition on the continent of America. With these hopes we leave the old port, where

"Owners and occupants of earlier dates

From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates."

Geo. Bourne

SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES

HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED

PART II

At a still later day, the legislative council and house of representatives of the territory of Indiana adopted a series of resolutions which Governor William Henry Harrison approved, praying a suspension of the sixth article of the ordinance of 1787. As this document emanated from the territorial legislature, it came before congress with the force and effect of an official proceeding. It was referred to a special committee of the house of representatives on the 6th of November, 1807; this committee made an adverse report in the premises, and the house concurred in their denial of "popular sovereignty in the territories." The landmark of freedom set up by the ordinance of 1787 for the benefit of the northwest territory was left undisturbed.*

Meanwhile a new and larger territorial question had come to vex the councils of the nation. The status of the Louisiana country, under the stipulations of the treaty by which France ceded it to the United States, could but give rise to questions which were entirely novel as to the constitutional power of congress to regulate slavery in newly acquired territory, and therefore in territory outside of the Constitution at the date of its adoption. It is known that the treaty of cession contained a stipulation to this effect: "The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated into the union of the United States, and admitted, as soon as possible, according to the principles of the federal Constitution, to all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the meantime shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion which they profess."

A question was early raised as to the quality and extent of the recognition implied by the word "property," as used in this clause. By the opponents of slavery it was contended that the term "property," as here employed, could import only such property as was universally recognized "according to the principles of the federal Constitution," and therefore could not extend to "property in slaves," which was purely the creature

* *Annals of Congress*. Tenth Congress, First Session, p. 919.

of municipal law. But congress soon came to the resolution of such questions by erecting the Louisiana country into two municipal communities, one of which, the southern, was called the "territory of Orleans," and the other of which, the northern, was called the "district of Louisiana." In the southern territory the institution of slavery was left undisturbed, but the importation of slaves from abroad was prohibited. The northern district was summarily annexed to the jurisdiction of Indiana territory, and so became subject to the principles of the ordinance of 1787, including the sixth article, which prohibited slavery. Again the discretionary power of congress over slavery in the territories was exemplified, and again did the policy of an equitable partition of territory between "the north" and "the south" receive a fresh affirmation.

Under a new charter of temporary government given by congress to the territory of Orleans on the 2d of March, 1805, and under the terms of which any implied restrictions on slavery had been expressly repealed, it was held by many persons that even the interdict previously laid on the slave trade from abroad had been also repealed. It is probable that this construction was not foreseen or intended by congress, but in fact the foreign slave trade was revived for a season at the port of New Orleans under color of such an interpretation, and its prosecution was winked at by the federal authorities. It should be recalled that South Carolina, after having interdicted the foreign slave trade for a time, had revived it in 1804, in prospect of its speedy termination by federal enactment after 1808, and a new activity was thereby given to the nefarious traffic by vessels clearing from the port of Charleston to the port of New Orleans.*

The attention of congress having been called to this subject by a member of the house of representatives from South Carolina, Mr. David R. Williams, and a committee having been raised on his motion to consider "what additional provisions were necessary to prevent an importation of slaves into the territories of the United States;" this committee, of which Mr. Williams was chairman, reported a resolution condemnatory of the foreign slave trade as to "any of the territories of the United States." The resolution was adopted, and a committee was appointed to bring in a bill pursuant to its terms, but the measure failed to be acted on, notwithstanding the energy with which it was pressed by Mr. Williams.

The foreign complications of the United States with England and France, which, extending from the beginning of our government, had resulted at last in a war with the former power, came in 1812 to transfer

* *Annals of Congress*. Sixteenth Congress, First Session, vol. i., pp. 263, 266.

the stress of the sectional feud between "the North" and "the South," from questions concerning the power of congress to regulate slavery in the territories to questions concerning the power of congress to regulate commerce, to pass embargo laws, and thus to impair the rights of shipping property in the trading states. The discontents of the eastern states came to a head in the Hartford convention, and when these discontents had been appeased by the repeal of the embargo act and the return of peace, the sectional feud again swayed back to the question of the territories, and in the years 1819 and 1820 vented itself in a fierce struggle over the admission of Missouri as a slave-holding state, and over the organization of Arkansas as a slave-holding territory.

We have seen that an impassable chasm had been opened in the federal convention of 1787, between two classes of states differently interested in the disposition that should be made of the vacant lands, and that this chasm was opened in the forum of the convention so soon as the question arose in that body as to the constitutional provision that should be made for the admission of new states into the Union. In the year 1820, in this same matter of the public territory, an irrepressible conflict arose between two classes of states differing in their social systems, in their economic pursuits, and in their political predilections. The impassable chasm between the states was here opened in the forum of congress on a question then and there raised as to the terms and conditions on which Missouri should be admitted into the union of states. The chasm had been temporarily closed in 1819 by the allowance of slavery in the bill organizing the territory of Arkansas.

Missouri after having been temporarily included in the district annexed to the territory of Indiana, and after passing through other stages of territorial subordination, had been erected into a separate territory by act of congress, approved June 4, 1812. In this act no restriction of any kind was laid upon slavery, and greater legislative power was vested by congress in the general assembly created under the act than had been previously conceded to the legislature of any territory.

What is called "the Missouri question" arose, in the first stage of its emergence, from an attempt made in the house of representatives to insist on the prohibition of slavery in Missouri as the condition of her admission into the Union. It was proposed to put this condition in the act of congress authorizing the territory to frame a state constitution. The opponents of this restriction, while generally admitting the sovereignty of congress over the territories in the matter of slavery, were unanimous in denying this prerogative to congress in the hour and article of admitting

a state into the federal Union, for the obvious reason that such a restriction, in the absence of any constitutional power to impose it, would be the exercise of arbitrary authority; would impair the autonomy of a "sovereign state;" and would destroy the equality of the states in a matter left free to each under the Constitution. Southern statesmen like McLane of Delaware, and Lowndes of South Carolina, frankly admitted the discretionary power of congress to regulate slavery in the territories. So far as I can discover, John Tyler of Virginia, then a member of the house of representatives from that state, and afterwards President of the United States, was the only person on the floor of either house of congress who openly questioned it at that juncture.

Everybody knows that the scission between the slave-holding and the non slave-holding states in this great crisis of our political history was closed by what is called "the Missouri compromise." That celebrated compromise was brought forward in the shape of an amendment to the bill which provided for the immediate admission of Missouri as a slave-holding state, and provided further that slavery should be forever prohibited "in all the territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana, lying north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes north latitude, excepting only such part thereof as is included within the state of Missouri." The compromise was adopted in the Senate on the 17th of February, 1820, by a vote of thirty-four yeas to ten nays. In the house of representatives it was passed by a vote of one hundred and thirty-four yeas to forty-two nays. A partition of the territory of the United States between the two classes of states at variance was now enacted into the statute law of the land.

Florida was purchased from Spain in 1821, and was erected into a territory in 1822, with the toleration of slavery, but not without the intervention of congress at a later date to revise certain "regulations" of the territory which moved in the matter of slavery and its relations. The legislative assembly of Florida undertook to impose discriminating taxes on the slave property of non-residents. All such discriminating taxes were formally disallowed by congress, which thus asserted its just supremacy over each of the territories during the period of their territorial vassalage.

The passage of "the Missouri compromise" marks the close of an old order and the beginning of a new in the secular controversy over the disposition and regulation of slavery in the public territory. Mr. Jefferson confessed at the time that this Missouri question, "like a fire-bell in the night, awakened and filled him with terror," as being "the knell of the

Union." He predicted again and again that the geographical line fixed by that compromise, because it "coincided with a marked principle, moral and political," and because it thereby created a clean and clear line of cleavage between the slave-holding and the non slave-holding states, would never be obliterated, but would be marked deeper and deeper by every new irritation in our federal politics. He saw with the eye of a political philosopher that the controversy between our two classes of states differently related to the subject of slavery had passed from the sphere of *economics* into the sphere of *politics*, and that, too, into the sphere of politics made blood-warm by conflicting interests, and touched into a fine frenzy by conflicting views as to the ethics of slavery. From the first there had been a *tacit* attempt to effect the partition of public territory between the planting and the trading states, and to the end that the pending equilibrium between the two classes of states might be maintained as far as practicable, it had not been uncommon to provide for the twin admission of a "slave state" and of a "free state" into the federal Union. But now the antithesis between the "slave states" and the "free states" was distinctly articulated in the polity and politics of the country. Henceforth the feud between them would be as internecine, so Jefferson said, as the feud between Athens and Sparta. He descried from afar the advent of a new "Peloponnesian war."

His vision was true, but his analysis was insufficient. For in truth it was no fault of "the geographical line" fixed by the Missouri compromise that that line was so portentous, and that forty years afterwards, as Jefferson feared in 1820, it bristled with the bayonets of "states dissevered, discordant, belligerent." The fault was in the opposing and enduring forces which eagerly confronted each other across the line—forces of thought and passion so persistent and immitigable, that even when the party leaders of each seemed to be singing truce with their bugles, they were really marshaling their clans for new civic feuds of ever-widening sweep and ever-deepening intensity.

In the year 1845 the republic of Texas was admitted into the Union by joint resolution of both houses of congress, and with a provision, *inter alian*, that "the Missouri compromise line," as a recognized compact between the sections, should be applied to the territory in case of its partition into states. The idea of a territorial "partition" was again embodied in our polity and politics.

The annexation of Texas had for its natural, if not its inevitable, sequel, the war with Mexico, which resulted in the treaty of peace concluded at Guadalupe Hidalgo, and the ratifications of which were exchanged

between the two countries at Queretaro on the 30th of May, 1848. By this treaty, a vast accession was made to the territorial possessions of the United States. The annexation of Texas had been avowedly prosecuted in the interest of slavery, considered as a political institution. It was so interpreted by Mr. Calhoun, as secretary of state, in a letter written by him to Mr. Pakenham, the British minister, under the date of April 18, 1844. The Mexican war, though declared by our congress to have been begun "by the act of Mexico," was held by many at the south as well as at the north to have been precipitated by the act of the administration of President Polk in ordering an advance of United States troops on the territory in dispute between Texas and Mexico. Supporters of the war at the south had not hesitated to call it "a southern war," because it portended the aggrandizement of slavery considered as a political institution. Such sectional irritations could but excite a counter irritation among the representatives of "the North" in congress. As early as the 9th of August, 1846, on the introduction of a bill into the house of representatives, appropriating two million dollars to aid in the adjustment of our difficulties with Mexico, Mr. David Wilmot of Pennsylvania brought forward his celebrated proviso, drawn *mutatis mutandis*, from the ordinance of 1787, but denuded of the clause enjoining the rendition of fugitive slaves. It was expressed in the following terms:

"Provided, that as an express and fundamental condition to the acquisition of any territory from the republic of Mexico by the United States, by virtue of any treaty which may be negotiated between them, and to the use by the executive of the moneys herein appropriated, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory, except for crime whereof the party shall be duly convicted."

The bill with this proviso annexed was passed in the house of representatives by a vote of eighty-five yeas to seventy-nine nays. The bill as thus amended went to the senate, where, by parliamentary strategy (that is, by "talking it to death"), the opponents of the bill caused it to fall through for want of time to act upon it before the hour fixed for the adjournment of congress at that session. At the next session a similar bill was passed, with a similar proviso, declared to be applicable "to all territory on the continent of America which shall hereafter be acquired by or annexed to the United States." This sweeping proviso, after being adopted in committee of the whole, was finally rejected in the house of representatives on the 3d of March, 1847, by a majority of only five votes.

The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was, therefore, concluded and ratified in full sight of the sectional exasperations it was destined to foment.

Henceforth the "territorial question" assumed vaster proportions, commensurate not only with the extent of the newly-acquired domain secured from Mexico, but also with the growing rivalry of the two antagonistic sections. The constitutional relations of the question were complicated, besides, with recondite questions of public law as to the force and effect of the local municipal law of Mexico in the matter of slavery. On the one hand it was contended that the slaveholder had no right to migrate to the new territory with his slave property, because, by the constitution of Mexico, the institution of slavery, always the creature of positive municipal law, could have no recognized existence on the soil in question. On the other hand it was argued that the territory of the United States, as the common possession of the several states, was held in trust by the federal government for the common enjoyment and equal benefit of all the people of the United States, with all the rights, privileges, and immunities severally secured by law to the inhabitants of the several states. It was further argued on this side that, at the moment the new acquisition was consummated, the antecedent municipal law of Mexico was superseded by the Constitution of the United States, which, *proprio vigore*, extended its sway over the annexed domain, and placed the rights of the slave-owner under its shield.

In this attitude of the question a proffer was made by southern members of congress to effect a truce between the sections by extending "the Missouri compromise line" to the Pacific ocean. The proposition was rejected by the northern members, who, in the stage which the controversy had now reached, steadfastly resisted any further "partition" of territory for the extension of slavery. Many were the parleys held in hopes of effecting a political armistice. By what is known as "the Clayton compromise," so named from the Delaware senator, Mr. John M. Clayton, whose name it bears, it was proposed that "the whole territorial question," as then pending, in relation to Oregon, California, and New Mexico should be referred to a special committee of eight senators, four from "the north," and four from "the south," who should also be equally divided in a party sense between democrats and whigs. In this committee it was proposed by a southern member to reaffirm "the Missouri compromise line" as a basis of settlement. The proposition was rejected by the northern members. This deadlock caused, as Mr. Calhoun afterwards said, "a solemn pause in the committee." When all prospect of an agreement on "the Missouri compromise line" had vanished in this committee, it was proposed by the southern members to "rest all hope of settlement on the supreme court as the ark of safety." The refuge sought by the fathers in the federal convention of 1787 now seemed the only asylum open to

their children in the congress of 1848. The fathers had eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth were set on edge. A bill was matured in the committee, providing for an appeal to the supreme court of the United States from all decisions of a territorial judge in cases of writs of *habeas corpus*, or other cases where the issue of personal freedom should be involved; the bill was reported from the committee with the approval of three-fourths of their number, but after passing through the senate was defeated in the house of representatives by a vote of one hundred and twelve nays to ninety-seven yeas. Five-sixths of the negative votes came from the northern states.

After the failure of "the Clayton compromise," a bill organizing the territory of Oregon was passed as a separate measure, with a proviso annexed prohibiting slavery in the terms of the sixth article of the ordinance of 1787. President Polk in an elaborate message to congress justified his approval of the bill by reasons drawn from the precedent set in the Missouri compromise act of 1820, as reaffirmed at the annexation of Texas. If William Grayson avowed that the southern delegates in the continental congress of 1787 had "political reasons" in voting for the prohibition of slavery in the northwest territory, President Polk made no secret of the fact that he had "political reasons" in accepting the prohibition of slavery in Oregon—because it laid the basis of an argument for the parallel and lateral spread of slavery to the Pacific ocean, on the old theory of an equitable "partition" of territory between the two sections. So persistent, we see, was the stress of political motives in this struggle for a "partition" of the territories.

Rendered impotent by its dissensions, the federal legislature, though clothed with plenary power over the territory of the Union, had virtually abdicated its functions with respect to the new domain acquired from Mexico. We had "conquered a peace" from Mexico but had lost it among ourselves. In prudent forecast of such disaster, Mr. Calhoun, "the Palinurus of the south," with a patriotism which does him honor, had introduced a resolution in the senate on the 15th of December, 1847, shortly after the opening of the thirtieth congress, declarative of the opinion that "to conquer Mexico and to hold it either as a province, or to incorporate it into the Union, would be inconsistent with the avowed object for which the war had been prosecuted [the redress of grievances]; a departure from the settled policy of the government, in conflict with its character and genius, and, in the end, subversive of all our free and popular institutions." Mr. Webster, "the Ajax Telamon of the north," was equally earnest in reprobating the dismemberment of Mexico, but these

counsels of the two great opposing leaders passed unheeded by the zealots who at that time swayed the counsels of the administration.

On the 4th of March, 1849, the administration of General Zachary Taylor was called to inherit the fateful legacy bequeathed to it by his predecessor. He favored the early admission of California and New Mexico as states, under constitutions which had been prepared at their own initiative, in the absence of enabling acts from congress. Henry Clay, who had returned to the senate at this crisis to lend his great abilities to the work of conciliation, proposed on the 29th of January, 1850, that the pending territorial questions should be settled as part and parcel of the wide agitations springing up from slavery in all its relations under the Constitution. The five measures which he advocated, to "stanch the five bleeding wounds of the country," were: (1) the immediate admission of California as a state; (2) the adjustment of the boundaries of Texas; (3) a more effective bill for the recovery of fugitive slaves; (4) the abolition of the slave traffic in the District of Columbia; and (5) the passage of organic acts for the territorial government of Utah and New Mexico. These propositions, with all others then pending on the same subject, were, on the 19th of April, 1850, referred to a select committee of thirteen members, consisting of Messrs. Clay (chairman), Cass, Dickinson, Bright, Webster, Phelps, Cooper, King, Mason, Downs, Mangum, Bell, and Berrien. This committee submitted a report covering all the points above enumerated, and accompanied the report with a bill which, from the comprehensiveness of its scope, was called at the time "the omnibus bill." This bill, in its relation to the territories, provided for their organization by acts of congress, but declared that the legislative power under them should not extend to the passage of "any law in respect to African slavery." Pending the consideration of this bill, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi moved on the 15th of May to amend the bill by substituting for the words, "in respect to African slavery," the following clause: "No law shall be passed interfering with those rights of property growing out of the institution of African slavery as it exists in any of the states of the Union." At a later day a counter-amendment was proposed by Salmon P. Chase of Ohio in the following terms: "*Provided*, further, that nothing herein contained shall be construed as authorizing or permitting the introduction of slavery or the holding of slaves as property within said territory." These two amendments expressed the pro-slavery and the anti-slavery antithesis. After an animated debate they were both rejected in the senate by a vote of twenty-five yeas to thirty nays. Various other amendments having then been offered and defeated,

Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois moved to strike out the words relating to "African slavery," and to provide that "the legislative power of the territory should extend to all rightful subjects of legislation, consistent with the Constitution of the United States." This amendment, after being at first treated with almost unanimous contempt, receiving only two votes, was finally adopted and on the 31st of July, 1850, was incorporated in the Utah territorial bill, which was passed by a vote of thirty-two yeas to eighteen nays. The lassitude of exhausted disputants rather than the cohesion of clear-thoughted opinion was represented in this majority vote.

It was sought by this amendment to remit the whole slavery discussion to the territorial legislatures, "subject only to the Constitution of the United States," as interpreted by the supreme court. The expedient was unhappily open to a double construction at the moment of its invention. Some who favored it at the north supposed that the inhabitants of a territory would be left "perfectly free" to prohibit as well as to establish slavery during their period of territorial dependence. Others who favored it at the south repelled this assumption as extra-constitutional so far as the prohibition of slavery was concerned, and held that all legislation of a territory inimical to slavery would be null and void, because inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States. The bill as finally passed provided at first for the organization of Utah alone, but a few days later the senate passed a similar bill for the territorial government of New Mexico, and the house of representatives having concurred in both, they were both signed by President Fillmore on the 9th of September, 1850.

In order to measure by a few criteria the magnitude and intensity of the opposing forces which had now come to their impact on the public territory, it is only necessary to recall the fact that, as early as the winter of 1844-45, the legislature of Massachusetts, borrowing a leaf from the nullification history of South Carolina, had declared by a solemn act, on the eve of the annexation of Texas, that such an act of admission "would have no binding force whatever on the people of Massachusetts." On the other side the legislature of Virginia declared on the 8th of March, 1847, that in the event of a refusal by congress to extend "the Missouri compromise line" to the Pacific ocean, or in the event of the passage of the "Wilmot proviso," the people of that state "would have no difficulty in choosing between the only alternative that would then remain, of abject submission to aggression and outrage on the one hand, or determined resistance on the other, at all hazards and to the last extremity." A similar resolution was reaffirmed by the Virginia legislature on the

20th of January, 1849, accompanied with a request that the governor of the state, on the passage of the "Wilmot proviso," or of any law abolishing slavery or the slave trade in the District of Columbia, should immediately convene the legislature in extraordinary session "to consider the mode and measure of redress." Even after the so-called "compromise measures of 1850" had been enacted by congress, declarations still more emphatic and proceedings still more positive were promulgated by the legislatures of Mississippi and South Carolina.

"The great pacification" of 1850 had failed to pacificate. How fond was the illusion wrought by it may be read in the fact that though the two great political parties of the country, the whig and the democratic, had accepted "the compromise measures of 1850" in their respective "platforms" for the presidential election of 1852, as putting "a finality" to the slavery agitation and as the supreme test of political orthodoxy; and though the candidates of the latter had prevailed over those of the former because they were supposed to stand "more fairly and squarely" on the basis of that adjustment, yet it was reserved for the leaders of the democratic party, in this very matter of the territories and their government, to reopen the whole slavery agitation with a breadth and violence never before known in our annals. Because the surface of our political sea was at that moment no longer swept by storm and tempest, men flattered themselves with the hope that the winds of sectional passion were dead, whereas they were only tied for a season in the bag of Æolus. Their roar might still be heard by those who had ears to hear.

Congress in 1853 and 1854 was called to organize the territory of Nebraska, carved out of that portion of the Louisiana purchase which, lying north of 36° 30' north latitude, was covered by the Missouri compromise of 1820 prohibiting slavery. At first the committee on territories in the senate, Stephen A. Douglas being chairman, did not purpose to disturb the terms of that compromise; but the territorial bill for Nebraska, in respect of the legislative power it conferred, was couched in the same terms as had been prescribed in the bills for the government of Utah and New Mexico. As those bills were meant to leave these territories *tabula rasa* in the matter of slavery and its relations, it was indeed hinted by the committee that the "principles" on which those bills proceeded were inconsistent with the retention of a "compromise" which had placed an invidious limitation on popular sovereignty in the territories, under the guise of placing an invidious interdict on slavery. After hesitating for a time on the brink of the chasm which he saw to be yawning before him, Mr. Douglas, on the 23d of January, 1854, in the act of reporting a bill for the

organization of two territories, one to be called Nebraska, and the other Kansas, boldly proclaimed the doctrine that the Constitution and all laws of the land extended to these territories "*except* the eighth section of the act preparatory to the admission of Missouri into the Union, approved March 3, 1820, which was superseded by the principles of the legislation of 1850, commonly called 'the compromise measures,' and is declared inoperative and void." That is, the terms of "the Missouri compromise," which the committee of the senate were "not prepared to depart from" when they made their first report, were now declared to have been already repealed by the later compromises of 1850.

As two rays of light, when they impinge in the physical realm, may so neutralize each other as to produce darkness, so it would seem that two "compromises," when they impinge in the political sphere, may so neutralize each other as to produce an explosion. Certain it is that the repeal of "the Missouri compromise," while having for its avowed object to effect the sempiternal banishment of "the slavery agitation" from the halls of congress, and its localization in the distant domain of the territories, had for its consequences to set the whole nation by the ears. It threw the apple of sectional discord into congress, into the supreme court, into every home in the whole land.

How far our federal politics in this recoil from a recorded precedent and an established landmark had swung from the moorings of the Constitution in the matter of the territories and the power of congress over them, may be gauged by a single remark which Mr. Calhoun dropped in the last speech he ever delivered in the senate (it was on the 4th of March, 1850), when he referred to the fact that as recently as during the debate on the organization of Oregon territory, everybody in the senate, if he mistook not, "had taken the ground that congress has the sole and absolute power of legislating for the new territories." Congress in 1855, smitten with paralysis by the shock of "an irrepressible conflict" between the "free states" and the "slave states," was compelled to declare its *déchéance* as to a power so singly vested in it that its power was "sole," and so fully vested in it that its power was "absolute." In fact, it was not the quality or extent of the power, *but the incidence of the power*, which led the politicians to shuffle it out of sight.

The first effect of the effort to "localize" the "slavery agitation," by relegating it to the territories, was to precipitate a political and military crusade alike from "the North" and from "the South" for the speediest possible seizure and occupation of the two strategic points of Kansas and Nebraska, which had been so rashly uncovered by the tactical blunders of

politicians manœuvring for a position. A second effect of the new policy was to convert the forum of the supreme court into the *champclos* of a judicial tourney which, by its decision, served only the more to embroil the fray it was sought to compose. The *Dred Scott decision* is commonly supposed to have placed its ægis over the rights of slave property in the territories during the interim of their subordination to the power of congress, but when the opinion of Chief Justice Taney, which was read as the opinion of the supreme court in that famous case, is collated and compounded with the separate opinions of the justices who, it is supposed, "concurred" in that decision, this conclusion is by no means clear or certain. Among the "concurring" justices there is surely no one who, whether for his learning or his character, is entitled to greater weight than Mr. Justice Campbell. But that great jurist, in passing on the merits of the case, expressly stated that he did not "feel called upon to decide the jurisdiction of congress," and that "courts of justice could not decide how much municipal power may be exercised by the people of a territory before their admission into the Union." Indeed, the *Dred Scott decision* did but render the confusion worse confounded. It was discovered at last that "the ark of safety," to which our statesmen, from the origin of the government, had looked for refuge from the turbulence of the "territorial question," could not outride the storm.

It remains, then, to say that the dogma of "popular sovereignty in the territories," never a principle of the Constitution, and never striking any root in the history of the country before the date of our Mexican acquisitions, was a mere expedient and makeshift, invented for the evasion of a duty which congress had become incompetent to perform because of the schism in our body politic—a schism created by the wrench and strain of two distinct social systems contending for supremacy in the same national organism.

I have ventured on this long review not only for the historic interest of its separate stages, but also for the light it sheds on the difference between the opposing forces which at different epochs met and impinged at the same point of impact—the public territory. At the epoch of the ratification of the articles of confederation, at the conclusion of peace with Great Britain in 1783, at the formation of the Constitution in 1787, the great differentiation between two classes of states had turned on the question of the ownership, partition, and government of the unoccupied lands wrested from the British crown. The condition of unstable equilibrium was here produced by the presence and antagonism of two classes of states differently endowed with territorial possessions. Under the Constitution, from 1789 to 1860, this condition of unstable equilibrium resulted, in the first stadium of our

history, from the presence and antagonism of two classes of states with different economic systems, determined by the waning profit of slave labor in the northern states, and by the increasing profit of slave labor in the southern states. From an unstable equilibrium swaying primarily in economics, this sectional counterpoise passed, in its second stadium, to an unstable equilibrium swaying in party politics; and this second stadium was reached at the advent of "the Missouri compromise," with its geographical line of discrimination between "the two great repulsive masses," pitted against each other in the same parallelogram of forces—the federal Union. From the year 1820 to the year 1860, the jar and jostle of these great repulsive masses continued to increase in vehemence of momentum and in amplitude of vibration, until at last they shook the Union to pieces for a season, in the secession of the Confederate States.

It was natural and inevitable that this great oscillation of opposing and enduring forces should have always come to its highest ascensions in the partition and government of the common territory, because it was then that the two contending sections could find the freest field for political rivalry and hope for the largest trophies of political conquest. After the bargain had been struck in the federal convention between the trading states of New England and the planting states of South Carolina and Georgia, in virtue of which the former secured the congressional regulation of commerce, and the latter secured the constitutional allowance of the slave trade till the year 1808, it was foreseen at the time that two great objects of sectional interest would still survive in the Union—the fisheries for the benefit of New England, and the Mississippi valley for the benefit of the southern states. This fact was not only foreseen but openly stated on the floor of the federal convention.* It does not need to be said that the question of the Mississippi valley opened an immensely wider field for the play of economical and political forces within the Union than the question of the fisheries. The former, in its newly emerging issues, was destined to supply recurring questions of purely sectional and domestic politics. The latter, in its newly emerging issues, could but supply such questions in the second degree, for in the first degree they are always questions of international politics.

All this was clearly perceived, I say, in 1787, and in 1788 when Patrick Henry and William Grayson "thundered and lightened" in the Virginia convention against the ratification of the Constitution. The struggle for the territories under our present Constitution has always been, down to 1860, as Grayson phrased it in 1788, "a contest for dominion—

* *Elliot's Debates*, vol. v. p. 526.

for empire" in the federal government. It has been a contest on the one side for the protection and extension of slave labor, with the order of economics and politics which such a social system implies; and a contest on the other side, for the protection and extension of free labor, with the order of economics and politics subtended by a diversified system of industry. The distinction between the opposing forces and the point of their impact was revealed at once when the shock of battle came in 1860; for with the first shock of that battle, the question of the territories, as a watchword and challenge between the two sections, sank beneath the horizon of the national consciousness in the twinkling of an eye. The "territorial question" never had any significance except as the earnest and pledge of political ascendancy in the federal Union; and when the civil war came, that significance was buried out of sight by the new form which the impact had taken in passing from words to blows. The antagonistic forces now stood face to face in battle array. The house so long divided against itself had come at last to realize that, if it was not to fall, it "must become all one thing or all the other;" and so it came to pass, rather by the logic of events than by the logic of human wisdom, that the war for the political union of the states passed into a war for the social and economical unification of the American people. It is sorrow and shame that this beneficent result could not have been reached without the rage and pain of a great civil war; but now that it has been reached, the sorrow and shame of the old epoch, with the rage and pain of the transition period, are slowly but surely melting away into a new and deeper sense of national unity, with its vaster problems of duty and opportunity. The problems before us are indeed of increased complexity and difficulty, but they move no longer in the political dynamics of two distinct civilizations, each boasting its superiority to the other, and each wasting its energy by working at perpetual cross purposes with the other. The energies formerly expended in the "irrepressible conflict of opposing and enduring forces" can now be conserved in the political dynamics of a unified civilization, and can be correlated into new forms of social and economical evolution, without detriment to our "indestructible union of indestructible states."

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PATRICK HENRY IN THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION, 1788

It has been sometimes represented that Mr. Madison's logic prevailed over Mr. Henry's eloquence in this memorable contest, in which they were the leaders. It is true that Mr. Madison argued with great logical powers, and that he was a prince among logicians. But it is not true that Mr. Henry was simply eloquent. He also displayed great logical powers, and upon the question of the plan of government proposed, over which the trial of logic occurred, Mr. Henry prevailed, carrying the convention for the amendments he proposed by a large majority.

John Marshall, after he had achieved his great reputation as chief justice of the United States, upon a visit to Warrentown, Virginia, was asked his opinion of Wirt's *Life of Mr. Henry*. He replied that he "did not think it did full justice to its subject. That while the popular idea of Mr. Henry, gathered from Mr. Wirt's book, was that of a great orator, he was that and much more—a learned lawyer, a most accurate thinker, and a profound reasoner." And proceeding to compare him with Mr. Madison: "If I were called upon," said he, "to say who of all men I have known had the greatest power to convince, I should, perhaps, say Mr. Madison, while Mr. Henry had without doubt the greatest power to persuade."

In this convention, however, Mr. Madison and his party carried their point by influences very different from those of logic, some of which, we have seen, were questionable. The strongest force that they brought to bear was the overshadowing influence of Washington. Mr. Monroe wrote: "Be assured General Washington's influence carried this government," and such was the opinion expressed by Grayson and Mason. Even this great influence would have failed, in all probability, had the convention known that New Hampshire had made the ninth state to ratify on June 21st, or had Governor Clinton's letter to Governor Randolph been laid before that body. As it was, the result was attained by inducing several of the delegates to vote against the wishes of their constituents. Had these voted the sentiments indicated by instructions, or by the votes of their associated delegates, the result would have been against ratification without previous amendments. The fact that Mr. Henry carried the convention on the main topic of the debate—the defects of the proposed constitution—is but a part of the honor to be accorded to him. A study of the reported debates shows that he was a statesman of the highest order, and

that he understood the nature of the new government and foresaw its practical working more clearly than any of his contemporaries.

His first and great objection to the new plan was that it constituted a consolidated government, with powers drawn directly from the people and operating directly upon the people of the adopting states, and changed the existing confederation of sovereign states into a great national supreme government. He said in his first speech: "That this is a consolidated government is demonstrably clear; and the danger of such a government is, to my mind, very striking. . . . Who authorized them (the framers) to speak the language of *we the people*, instead of *we the states*? States are the characteristic and the soul of a confederation. If the states be not the agents of this compact, it must be one great consolidated, national government of the people of all the states."

This view of the nature of the new government he continually referred to, and insisted on. Mr. Madison in reply said: "I conceive myself that it is of a mixed nature: it is in a manner unprecedented; we cannot find one express example in the experience of the world. It stands by itself. In some respects it is a government of a federal nature; in others it is of a consolidated nature. Who are parties to it? The people, as comprising thirteen sovereignties, not as one great body."

This definition Mr. Henry ridiculed unmercifully. He said: "This government is so new, it wants a name. I wish its other novelties were as harmless as this. . . . We are told that this government, collectively taken, is without example; that it is national in this part, and federal in that part, etc. We may be amused, if we please, by a treatise of political anatomy. In the brain it is national; the stamina are federal; some limbs are federal, others national. The senators are voted for by the state legislatures; so far it is federal. Individuals choose the members of the first branch; here it is national. It is federal in conferring general powers, but national in retaining them. It is not to be supported by the states; the pockets of individuals are to be searched for its maintenance. What signifies it to me that you have the most curious anatomical description of it in creation? To all the common purposes of legislation, it is a great consolidated government."

Later, when he had pushed Mr. Madison to the wall, and wrung from him the admission that by the possession of the sword and purse the new government possessed everything of consequence, he said, triumphantly: "Mr. Chairman, it is now confessed that this is a national government. There is not a single federal feature in it."

—WILLIAM WIRT HENRY'S *Life of Patrick Henry*

A GROUP OF MISSOURI'S GIANT LAWYERS

NEARLY ALL OF NATIONAL FAME

I was sworn in as a member of the St. Joseph bar in April, 1849. The Buchanan county bar was then ten years old, the first term having been held on Monday, July 15, 1839, at the house of Joseph Roubidoux,* Hon. A. A. King, judge; Samuel Gilmore, high sheriff; Warren Toole, clerk. The first case was Andrew S. Hughes *vs.* Ishmael Davis; dismissed by plaintiff. Andrew S. Hughes was the first lawyer, and Ishmael Davis, father of R. T. Davis, one of the first settlers. The county seat being located by commissioners at Sparta, the next court was held there at the house of David Hill, now a corn field, where the county seat remained until 1847, when it was removed to St. Joseph by a vote of the people.

The bar at Sparta is only traditional to me, but seems real, as I so often talked with the old actors there. When I came it was a thing of the past except in memory.

While the county seat was at Sparta, the local attorneys residing there were Amos Rees, then a brilliant young lawyer, who soon removed to Platte City, and was a Kansas pioneer in 1854, and died in Leavenworth City in 1885 at the age of eighty-four, an honored and successful lawyer; Henry M. Vooris, a Kentuckian of great original genius, who followed the county seat to St. Joseph, and died in 1876 as judge of the supreme court of Missouri—whose epitaph, in the Shakespearian phrase, can be lined, "He was an honest man," and, I can add, a great one.

There was also Lawrence Archer, a South Carolinian, who left St. Joseph in 1850 for health, and still lives in San José, California, an honored citizen of the golden state. Another was James B. Gardennier, a Tennessean, young, ambitious, and talented. He made a brilliant canvass for congress in 1850 against Governor Willard P. Hall, and was defeated by a few votes; was appointed in 1851 attorney-general by Governor King, and died at Jefferson City long ere his powers had matured. The next was Robert M. Stewart, afterward governor, and one of the brainiest men who ever filled the gubernatorial chair of Missouri. Born in New York, he emigrated

* In an article on "The Beginnings of the City of St. Joseph" [*Magazine of American History*, xxvi., 108], the log-house of Joseph Roubidoux is described, and a picture given of the first post-office in St. Joseph, 1841.

west, edited a paper in Kentucky and at St. Charles, Missouri, and landed at Rushville in 1839, settled in DeKalb, and soon defeated Jesse B. Thompson, the leading Democrat, for the legislature. His great theme was the building of a railroad from Hannibal to St. Joseph, and in 1848 he got the bill passed and traveled over the line of it for months, being carried from a hack into the hotels, as he was bent almost double with rheumatism. In 1850 he had enough money pledged to make the survey, and in 1852 congress made the land grant of 68,000 acres. In 1854 he was in the senate, and procured state aid to assist in building it, and it is one of the pleasing reflections of age to know that the writer's vote carried that bill over the veto of Governor Sterling Price in 1854. Governor Stewart gave way to habits of dissipation in his later years, which ended his life and prevented his being nominated for vice-president in 1864 instead of Andrew Johnson, the idea being to put on the ticket with Mr. Lincoln a loyal man from a southern state, but one born in a northern state if such could be found. Governor Stewart suited all the conditions, except that on the momentous day he appeared in the convention at Philadelphia in bad condition, and lost the prize. He died in St. Joseph in 1870.

Another jurist at Sparta was Peter H. Burnett, the first circuit attorney in the Platte Purchase, who emigrated to Oregon in 1844, from thence to California in 1848, was the first governor, a supreme judge, and is now full of years and honor at eighty-six, awaiting the call of the just made perfect. There was William B. Almond, a Virginian, who lived a life full of incident and romance, reaching St. Louis in the early thirties. He was with the American Fur Company several years on the Yellowstone. Coming back to Lexington, Missouri, he married, and in 1837 followed the emigrants to old Sparta, going back to Platte City in 1842. He went to California in 1849, was elected judge in 1850, came back in 1852, and was elected judge in the St. Joseph district; resigned and returned to California in 1854, and came back to help settle Kansas in 1856. He died at a hotel in Leavenworth City in 1860. The next at Sparta was Benjamin F. Loan, born in Breckenridge, Kentucky. He settled in Jackson County and read law, came to Sparta in 1840, and won manly fame and wealth by his talents, honesty, and devotion to his clients, and died at St. Joseph in 1881, greatly regretted and honored by his fellow-citizens, after serving his district six years in congress.

William Cannon of Tennessee, of the Andrew Jackson school, was there also, a rough, unhewn, but strong man, who left Sparta for Texas about 1845, and died in 1852. Following him was Willard P. Hall, born at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, in 1820, of a revolutionary family; a clear and strong

intellect, he succeeded Peter H. Burnett as circuit attorney in 1844; was in the Mexican war, in General A. W. Doniphan's regiment; in congress six years; brigadier-general, lieutenant-governor, and governor; refused the position of supreme judge twice, as the writer knows, being solicited by the governor to urge his acceptance of the position. He died full of years and honors at his home in St. Joseph in November, 1882.

The last of the Sparta lawyers, but not the least, was General Andrew S. Hughes, a Kentuckian, sent by President Adams in 1826 to the Platte Purchase as an agent to the Pottawatamie Indians. He was a brother-in-law to Governor Metcalf of Kentucky, commonly called "old stone-hammer," because he was a most excellent stonemason and built many chimneys for the earlier settlers in Mason county, Kentucky, and one for the writer's grandfather in 1793 in that county. General Hughes had been a senator in Kentucky, and when the Platte Purchase was admitted as part of the state, and his wards, the Indians, had vanished, he returned to his first love and practiced law. He is the only one of the above-named Sparta lawyers I did not know personally, and for each and every one of them I have a warm and genial recollection that involuntarily starts a sigh and a tear, coupled with the pleasing memories that they were my friends. General Hughes was a brilliant and successful lawyer, but too indolent to labor. His few forensic efforts put him at the front rank of his profession, where he stood as long as he practiced. He left one child, an industrious son, General Bela M. Hughes, now of Denver, Colorado, who inherited all the sparkling wit, brilliant anecdote, and real genius of the father. Venerable in years and honors, the son approaches the fourscore mile post with all the simplicity and hospitality of the patriarchal days. The writer recently spent an evening with him at his home in Denver.

These settlers of Sparta were supplemented by General A. W. Doniphan, W. T. Wood, and David R. Atchison, residents of Liberty, in Clay county, Missouri. Nearly all these men were distinguished in after life.

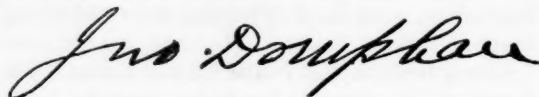
In the year of 1840 there were four great bars in the United States, celebrated for wit, learning, and genius. First, Boston, with its Webster, Choate, Sumner, Parker, and their compeers; second, Richmond, Virginia, with Leigh, Wise, Botts, and their colleagues; third, Lexington, Kentucky, with Clay, Breckenridge, Tom Marshall, Dick Menefee, Matt Johnson, and many others since known to fame; fourth, the supreme court of Mississippi, with S. S. Prentiss, Alex. McClung, Jeff Davis, Henry S. Foote, Sharkey, Baldwin, Marshall, Smede, and Coleman. These were the most brilliant bars in the United States. They were the "last of the Mohicans" as common law expounders, for in the next decade the com-

mon law was largely superseded by code procedure. Science, form, and precedent gave place to agrarian platitudes of simplicity. This effort to get simpler forms was the worm which smote Jonah's gourd, and was like the parliamentary edict of the fourth year of James I., which reduced common law to statute; that dethroned Coke and Littleton, and the crowning of kingly prerogative as a court of the last resort. It was the dynamo that wrecked the government by beheading Charles I. in 1649. The common law dominated the courts of this country until code practice was enacted in New York in 1847. The bar has gained in learning, but lost in forms, eloquence, and force. The profession has lost in courtesy, dignity, and the professional aplomb which put the lawyer in the front rank as leader and legislator.

A senator in the United States senate for twelve years, vice-president four years, and president of the interstate for one day, were the achievements of David R. Atchison. Conqueror of New Mexico and Chihuahua, with millions of wealth and territory, was the result of the campaign of the first Missouri regiment under General Doniphan in the Mexican war. Three governors, six district judges, four supreme court judges, eight generals, and all successful and profound lawyers. This old bar well deserves a place amid the archives of a nation. In April, 1849, when I became a member of the St. Joseph bar, most of the Sparta bar were in successful practice. In addition, there were John Wilson, a son of Senator Robert Wilson, and Jonathan M. Bassett.

In 1849 A. W. Terrill of Austin, Texas, was a young attorney, a Missourian by birth, who has since earned fame in his adopted state. Judge Henry S. Tutt, a Virginian, who commanded the guard of honor that conducted Lafayette from Washington City to Richmond in 1825, was then a member of the bar, and he and myself are the only resident lawyers who drag superfluous on the stage; and looking though the glimmer of the forty years which have so greatly changed the profession, the judicature, and the country, I may exclaim, "There were giants in those days." Most of them have passed the dark river, and time forbids I should attempt to delineate the characters of the many actors who have since added lustre to the Buchanan county bar. Some have passed like meteors, lighting for a moment the legal sky, while many honored names remain to break a lance in the forensic arena, but their prowess and achievements must be left to an abler chronicler.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.



CAREER OF BENJAMIN WEST

BIRTH OF THE FINE ARTS IN AMERICA

In the wilds of the new world, a century and a half ago, there was, apparently, no spot less likely to produce a famous painter than the Quaker province of Pennsylvania. And yet, when George Washington was only six years old there was born in the little town of Springfield, Chester county, a boy whose interesting and remarkable career from infancy to old age has provided one of the most instructive lessons for students in art that America affords.

Perhaps Benjamin West's aptitude for picture-making in his infancy, while he was learning to walk and to talk, did not exceed that of hosts of other children, in like circumstances, in every generation since his time. But many curious things were remembered and told of this baby's performances after he had developed a decided talent for reproducing the beautiful objects that captivated his eye. It was in the summer of 1745, a few months before he was seven years old, that his married sister came home for a visit, bringing with her an infant daughter. The next morning after her arrival, little Benjamin was left to keep the flies off the sleeping baby while his mother and sister went to the garden for flowers. The baby smiled in its sleep, and the boy was captivated. He must catch that smile and keep it. He found some paper on the table, scrambled for a pen, and with red and black ink made a hasty but striking picture of the little beauty. He heard his mother returning and conscious of having been in mischief tried to conceal his production; but she detected and captured it, and regarded it long and lovingly, exclaiming as her daughter entered, "he has really made a likeness of little Sally!" She then caught the boy in her arms, and kissed instead of chiding him, and he—looking up encouraged—told her he could make the flowers, too, if she would permit. The awakening of genius in Benjamin West has been distinctly traced to this incident as the time when he first discovered that he could imitate the forms of such objects as pleased his sense of sight. And the incident itself has been aptly styled "the birth of fine arts in the new world."

The Quaker boy, in course of years, left the wilderness of America to become the president of the Royal Academy in London. His irreproach-

able character not less than his excellence as an artist, gave him commanding position among his contemporaries. From first to last he was distinguished for his indefatigable industry. The number of his pictures has been estimated, by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, at three thousand; and Dunlap says that a gallery capable of holding them would be four hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and forty feet high—or a wall a quarter of a mile long.

The parents of Benjamin West were sincere and self-respecting, and in the language of the times, well-to-do. His mother's grandfather was the intimate and confidential friend of William Penn. The family of his father claimed direct descent from the Black prince and Lord Delaware, of the time of King Edward III. Colonel James West was the friend and companion in arms of John Hampden. When Benjamin West was at work upon his great picture of the "Institution of the Garter," the king of England was delighted when the Duke of Buckingham assured him that West had an ancestral right to a place among the warriors and knights of his own painting. The Quaker associates of the parents of the artist, the patriarchs of Pennsylvania, regarded their asylum in America as the place for affectionate intercourse—free from all the military predilections and political jealousies of Europe. The result was a state of society more contented, peaceful and pleasing than the world had ever before exhibited. At the time of the birth of Benjamin West the interior settlements in Pennsylvania had attained considerable wealth, and unlimited hospitality formed a part of the regular economy of the principal families. Those who resided near the highways were in the habit—after supper and the religious exercises of the evening—of making a large fire in the hallway, and spreading a table with refreshments for such travelers as might pass in the night, who were expected to step in and help themselves. This was conspicuously the case in Springfield. Other acts of liberality were performed by this community to an extent that would have beggared the munificence of the old world. Poverty was not known in this region. But whether families traced their lineage to ancient and noble sources, or otherwise, their pride was so tempered with the meekness of their faith, that it lent a singular dignity to their benevolence.

The Indians mingled freely with the people, and when they paid their annual visits to the plantations, raised their wigwams in the fields and orchards without asking permission, and were never molested. Shortly after Benjamin West's first efforts with pen and ink, a party of red men reached and encamped in Springfield. The boy-artist showed them his

sketches of birds and flowers, which seemed to amuse them greatly. They at once proceeded to teach him how to prepare the red and yellow colors, with which they decorated their ornaments. To these Mrs. West added blue, by contributing a piece of indigo. Thus the boy had three prismatic colors for his use. What could be more picturesque than the scene where the untutored Indian gave the future artist his first lesson in mixing paints! These wild men also taught him archery, that he might shoot birds for models if he wanted their bright plumage to copy.

The neighbors were attracted by the boy's drawings, and finally a relative, Mr. Pennington, a prominent merchant of Philadelphia, came to pay the family a visit. He thought the boy's crude pictures were wonderful as he was then only entering his eighth year. When he went home he immediately sent the little fellow a box of paints, with six engravings by Grevling. John Galt, who wrote from the artist's own statements,* describes the effect of this gift upon the boy. In going to bed he placed the box so near his couch, that he could hug and caress it every time he awakened. Next morning he rose early, and taking his paints and canvas to the garret, began work. He went to breakfast, and then stole back to his post under the roof, forgetting all about school. When dinner time came he presented himself at table, as usual, but said nothing of his occupation. He had been absent from school some days before the master called on his parents to inquire what had become of him. This led to the discovery of his secret painting, for his mother proceeded to the garret and found the truant. She was, however, so astonished with the creation upon his canvas, that she took him in her arms and kissed him with transports of affection. He had made a composition of his own out of two of the engravings—which he had colored from his ideas of the proper tints to be used—and so perfect did the picture appear to Mrs. West that, although half the canvas remained to be covered, she would not suffer the child to add another touch with his brush. Sixty-seven years afterwards, Mr. Galt saw this production in the exact state in which it was left, and Mr. West himself acknowledged that in subsequent efforts he had never been able to excel some of the touches of invention in this first picture.

The first instruction in art which the artist received was from Mr. William Williams, a painter in Philadelphia. Young West's first attempt at portraiture was at Lancaster, where he painted "The Death of Socrates" for William Henry, a gunsmith. He was not yet sixteen, but other paintings followed which possessed so much genuine merit that

* John Galt's *Life of West*, published in 1816.

they have been preserved as treasures. One of these is in possession of General Meredith Reed of Paris, France, a descendant of the signer. West returned to his home in Springfield, in 1754, to discuss the question of his future vocation. He had an inclination for military life, and volunteered as a recruit in the old French war; but military attractions vanished among the hardships involved, and in 1756, when eighteen years old, he established himself in Philadelphia as a portrait-painter, his price being "five guineas a head." Two years later he went to New York, where he passed eleven months, and was liberally employed by the merchants and others. He painted the portrait of Bishop Provoost, those of Gerardus Duyckinck and his wife—full length—one of Mrs. Samuel Breese and many others, which are in the families of descendants, and characteristic examples of his early work.

In 1760 an opportunity offered for him to visit Rome, Italy. He carried letters to Cardinal Albani and other celebrities, and as he was very handsome and intelligent—and came from a far away land about which hung the perpetual charm of tradition and romance—he soon became the lion of the day among the imaginative Italians. It was a novelty then for an American to appear in the Eternal city, and the very morning after his arrival a curious party followed his steps to observe his pursuit of art. He remained in Italy until 1763, and while there he painted, among others, his pictures of "Cimon and Iphigenia," and "Angelica and Medora." His portrait of Lord Grantham excited much interest, and that nobleman's introduction facilitated his visit to London, which proved so prolific in results. There was no great living historical painter in England just then, and at first there was no sale for West's pictures, as it was unfashionable to buy any but "old masters." But the young artist was undaunted, and presently attracted attention in high places. His picture of "Agrippina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus," painted for Dr. Drummond, Archbishop of York, secured him the favor of George III. and the commission from his Majesty to paint the "Departure of Regulus from Rome." His untiring industry and gentlemanly habits were conspicuous, and may be regarded as among the great secrets of his continual advance and public recognition. His "Parting of Hector and Andromache," and "Return of the Prodigal Son," were among his notable productions of this period. His "Death of General Wolfe" has been, says Tuckerman, "truly declared to have created an era in English art by the successful example it initiated of the abandonment of classic costume—a reform advocated by Reynolds, who gloried in the popular innovation." His characters were clad in the dress of their time. Reynolds said to the

Archbishop of York: "I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." It was purchased by Lord Grosvenor. Among the long list of paintings executed by order of the king were "The Death of Chevalier Bayard;" "Edward III. Embracing His Son on the Field of Battle at Cressy;" "The Installation of the Order of the Garter;" "The Black Prince Receiving the King of France and His Son Prisoners at Poitiers," and "Queen Philippa Interceding with Edward for the Burgesses of Calais." West was one of the founders in 1768, of the Royal Academy, and succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as president of the institution in 1792, which post he held almost uninterruptedly until 1815.

In the year 1780 he proposed a series of pictures on the progress of revealed religion, of which there were thirty-six subjects in all, but he never executed but twenty-eight of these, owing to the mental trouble which befell the king. He then commenced a new series of important works, of which "Christ Healing the Sick" was purchased by an institution in Great Britain for £3000, and was subsequently copied for the Pennsylvania Hospital. "Penn's Treaty with the Indians" was painted for Granville Penn, the scene representing the founding of Pennsylvania. West wrote to one of his family that he had taken the liberty of introducing in this painting the likeness of his father and his brother Thomas. "That is the likeness of our brother," he says, "standing immediately behind Penn leaning on his cane. I need not point out the picture of our father, as I believe you will find it in the print from memory." Tuckerman says that the work which, in the opinion of many critics, best illustrates the skill of West in composition, drawing, expression, and dramatic effect, is his "Death on the Pale Horse." His "Cupid," owned in Philadelphia, is one of his most effective pictures as to color.

The full-length portrait of West by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A. which forms the frontispiece to this number of the Magazine, represents the great artist in his character as president of the Royal Academy, delivering a lecture on "coloring" to the students. Under his right hand may be noticed, standing on an easel, a copy of Raphael's cartoon of the "Death of Ananias." The picture of West's face has been considered a perfect likeness, but the figure somewhat too large and too tall in its effects. A copy of this portrait was made by Charles R. Leslie; and Washington Allston also painted a portrait of the artist. There exists, it is said, a portrait of West from his own hand, taken apparently at about the age of forty, three-quarter length, in Quaker costume.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ARBUTUS

AN INDIAN LEGEND *

Many, many moons have faded,
Many, many moons have vanished,
Since an old man in his wigwam
Dwelt beside a frozen river,
Dwelt alone beside the river,
In a forest black and lonely.
Long and white his beard and locks were,
Choicest furs his heavy garments,
For the world was one long winter—
Snow and ice o'er all the landscape.
Winds went wildly through the forest,
Searching all the trees and bushes,
Searching for the birds to chill them,
Over hill and over valley,
Chasing evil sprites before them.
And the old man through the forest,
Through the snow-drifts deep and chilling,
Sought for wood to feed the fire
Dying in his lonely wigwam.
Homeward in despair he staggered,
Sat beside the dying embers,
Cried aloud in voice of terror :
" Mannaboosho, Mannaboosho,
Save me, ere of cold I perish."
And the wild wind's breath of coldness
Blew aside the lodge door rudely,
And a maiden, winsome, lovely,
Entered from the gusty darkness.
Red her cheeks like sweet wild roses
Burning by the dusky forest ;
Large her eyes, with lustre glowing
Like a fawn's eyes in the darkness ;
Long her hair and black as raven,
Black as Kah-gah-gee, the raven,
And it swept the ground she walked on.
In her hands were buds of willow,
On her head a wreath of wild-flowers,
Ferns and grasses were her clothing,
And her moccasins were lilies,

* The author is indebted to Hon. C. E. Belknap of Michigan for the prose version of this legend.

Lilies white that love the meadows ;
When she breathed, the air around her,
All the air within the wigwam,
Passed from winter into summer.
And the old man said : " My daughter,
I am very glad to see you ;
Cold my lodge, indeed, and cheerless,
But it shields you from the tempest.
Tell me who you are, my daughter,
How you dare to brave the tempest,
In the clothing of the summer ?
Sit you here, and tell your country,
Name your victories in order,
Then my great deeds I will tell you,
I am Manito the Mighty."
Filled he then two pipes for smoking,
Filled he pipes with the tobacco,
So that they might smoke while talking.
When the smoke in curling eddies
Warmed the old man's breath, he uttered
Words of boasting, words of glory :
" I am Manito," he boasted,
" When I blow my breath, a stillness
Falls upon the flowing waters."
And the maiden said in answer :
" Lo, I breathe, and all the landscape
Blossoms with a thousand flowers."
And the old man said in answer :
" When I shake my long locks hoary,
All the ground with snow is covered."
" I but shake my curls," she answered,
" And the warm rains fall from heaven."
" When I walk," the old man answered,
From the trees the leaves come falling ;
Creatures wild in terror flee me,
Hiding each in winter fastness ;
Wild birds leave the lake and river,
Fly away to distant countries."
" When I walk," the maiden answered,
" Plants lift up their heads in beauty,
Many leaves come on the branches,
Birds come back from distant countries,

Singing with delight to see me—
All the world is full of music.”
Thus they talked in emulation
Till the air within the wigwam
Warmer grew and ever warmer,
And the old man’s head kept nodding
Till it lay upon his bosom,
Lay upon his breast in slumber.
Then the sun came back in splendor,
And the bluebird, the Owaissa,
On the wigwam’s top alighting,
Called aloud with joyous singing :
“Say-ee, say-ee, I am thirsty !”
And the river cried in answer :
“I am free, come here and drink me !”
As the old man slept, the maiden
Passed her small, white hand above him ;
Small he grew and ever smaller,
From his mouth came streams of water ;
Small he grew and ever smaller
Till his form had almost vanished,
And his clothing turned to green leaves.
Then the maiden, lowly kneeling
On the ground before the green leaves,
From her bosom pure and lovely
Took white flowers most fair and precious,
Hid them there among the green leaves.
Then she breathed upon the blossoms,
Breathed upon the blossoms saying :
“All my virtues give I to you,
All my sweetest breath I give you ;
All who pick you must be lowly,
All on bended knees must pick you.”
Through the woods and o’er the prairies
Passed away the lovely maiden ;
All the birds sang love songs to her,
And where’er her footstep lingered,
Grows to-day the sweet-breathed May-flower.

Frederic Allam Tupper.

SHELBURNE FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS.

A CORNER OF COLONIAL PENNSYLVANIA

Macaulay, in that inimitable chart for the historical narrator, an *Essay on History*, tells us that he who would present the fine shades of national character must see ordinary men as they appear in their ordinary business and their ordinary pleasures. He must obtain admittance to the convivial table and the domestic hearth. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying as too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Everything, therefore, which casts a ray on other times, every morsel which has been snatched from the "wastes of time," is in some sense history, or the material of which history is composed.

An attempt is here made to place on the canvas suggestions of what primitive rural Pennsylvania was like from data which have escaped the larger meshes of the drag-net of general history. The county of Bucks, in the southeastern corner of the state, is one of the three original counties, and the particular locality in which Penn's "country house" was situated; thus it has been selected as the typical community of that state. It became an organized county in 1684. Its official records extend back to that year with unbroken continuity. The inventories of the estates of deceased persons, deeds, court records, wills, and well-authenticated tradition have been laid under contribution for this reproduction of the "still life" of the early settlers, with something of their surroundings, what they wore, the furniture of their homes, the vehicles they traveled in, the value of their possessions, the books they read, the prices of their produce, and the inns in which they were entertained.

The story of colonial New England seems tempestuous, sanguinary, and forbidding in contrast with the Arcadian repose with which life rippled on for one hundred years on the green shores of the Delaware. From the arrival of Penn to the revolution there are no points of exciting interest for the writer in the history of Pennsylvania. The Indians were friendly. Their children romped in the dooryards of the white families. There were no religious feuds, for Penn was a man of boundless catholicity. All sects had perfect immunity. He was a Quaker, but established no church. He was an enthusiast, but not a bigot. His province, therefore, presents the unique spectacle of a colony founded by religious zealots in which there was perfect tolerance.

Nothing illustrates more forcibly the improved social condition of the people of eastern Pennsylvania than the changed facilities for travel. As late as 1783 there were eight populous townships in Bucks county in which there was not a single pleasure carriage of any sort. In that year, a full century and more after Penn's arrival, there was one "chariot" owned in the entire region. A chariot was as high up in the world as a vehicle could then aspire. The swain who paused in the furrow to regard its triumphal progress over the rough roads of the period, many of them little improved to this day, felt that he was gazing at one of the rare spectacles of the earth, and not to be mentioned in the same breath with the "carts," "drags," "chaises," "phaëtons," "riding chairs," and other quaint and curious conveyances which rattled the bones of forefathers and foremothers "over the stones." In two of the townships, then as now among the wealthiest in Bucks, there was not a two-horse wagon in use before 1745. For about sixty years goods and passengers were transported on horse-back or in rude one-horse carts. The distance to the meeting-house, the smithy, the store, and the election place was great, and must have made serious inroads upon the time of the settlers.

"Did the forefathers vote?" was the topic in a recent number of one of our magazines. So far as the Pennsylvania forefather is involved, it may be said that his visits to the election for nearly a century must have been infrequent. Until 1777 the election for the whole county, and it embraced a large area, was held at one place, and many voters were obliged to travel thirty or forty miles to cast a ballot. Few of the offices were elective, little interest was shown, and relatively few votes recorded. For many years, too, the only meeting-house was in Falls township, in which Penn's private manor was situated. Worshipers traveled to this sanctuary from the remote townships, twenty-five miles or more distant. For the first quarter of a century after the English occupation, it was no unusual thing for settlers to drive twenty-five miles to the nearest mill or smithy, but in those times horses were rarely shod, and blocks used by the Indians to grind corn were freely loaned to the whites. An important part of the "furniture" of the horse was the side-saddle. The Pennsylvania grandam sat a horse well and enjoyed a ruddy, robust womanhood.

The garb of the Pennsylvanians in the first century finds no imitation in the modern fashion plate. Dr. John Watson, an excellent local authority, furnishes a sketch of the dress, manners, and customs of the people of Buckingham, one of the ancient townships. He remembered back as far as 1750, and his information for the previous years was derived from the first settlers, or from those who had known them familiarly. Dr. Watson's

sketch was published in 1826 in the memoirs of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. He writes that laboring men wore buckskin for breeches, jackets of hemp and tow, wool hats, strong shoes with brass buckles, and linsey and leather aprons. A "well groomed" gentleman wore a coat with three or four plaits in the skirt wadded like a coverlet, cuffs to the elbow, and broad-brimmed beaver hat. A woman in full fashion wore stiff whalebone stays worth eight or ten dollars, silk gown plaited in the back, sleeves twice as large as the arm, "locquet" buttons, and long-armed gloves. Brides in addition to this wore a long black hood.

The inventory of the contents of a Bucks county dry goods store in 1745 shows the following fabrics, all of which have long since passed out of the vernacular of fashion: "Isingham, bag and gulix, quilted hum-hums, turketas, single allopeens, jumps and bodice, whalebone and iron busk, alibanies, dickmansoy, cushloes, crimson dannador, byrampauts, naffermanny, prunelloe, barragons, druggett and floretta." The early court records teem with curious applications for the licensing of inns and for the laying out of roads. In 1727 one Thomas Jones, in asking for a road along his premises, closed an urgent appeal with the assertion that he would "always be ready to pray for the eternal happiness of the Honorable Bench." The old court papers fix in a definite way the value of articles then in common use. An indictment of 1761 charges the prisoner with the theft of a pair of women's stays, valued at two pounds sixpence; a pair of men's pumps, seven shillings sixpence. Conrad Hause in 1763 received thirty lashes for stealing a woolen petticoat of the value of seven shillings. A tame doe was worth four pounds; a yard of calico, six shillings, many times its present price; a linen handkerchief, two shillings, and a silk handkerchief, three shillings. One hundred and fifty years ago two gills, or a "drink," of Pennsylvania rum cost eightpence.

Property in slaves was quite common among the colonists in Bucks for a long time. There is little novelty in the statement that the early Pennsylvanians, as well as the inhabitants of the other colonies, kept human chattels, but the fact is vividly brought to mind when one finds slaves repeatedly inventoried with cattle, implements, and products. Certain differences in the ordinary modes of living between the former days and the present are indicated in the inventories. Household articles are often named in groups, by rooms, so that the actual equipment of parlor, bedroom, kitchen, are faithfully set forth. Thus it seems to have been no unusual circumstance to have a bed in the parlor as late as 1760, and probably for some years afterward.

Occasional glimpses of the literature of the eighteenth century which

had found its way into the colony are given. An examination of several lists about the middle of the century brings to light the following titles: *Tillotson's Sermons*, *Dr. Scott's Christian Life*, *Chillingsworth's Works*, *Isaac Pennington's Works*. The inventory of the estate of one of the most bookish men of the county, dying in 1745, exhibits the following catalogue: *Sewell's History of England*, *Reformers of Ye Church of England*, *Dyche's Dictionary*, *The Complete Distiller*, *The Poems of Catherine Phillips*, *Ye Fair Hypocrite*, *The Evil of Stage Plays*, *Memorials of Woodland*, *Ye Works of King James*, *Travels of Fine Godliness*.

The ancient courts of the county were, relatively speaking, much more largely attended than the courts of the present day. In the early days then there were no local newspapers to glean from the field of gossip. The news of the period was carried by word of mouth, and "court time" was the great occasion to trade bits of tattle afloat in far-off neighborhoods.

The old records are full of proceedings against "prisoners taken in execution," as unfortunate debtors were then called. Sometimes the debtor was discharged by making satisfaction to his creditor "by servitude"; that is, he was sentenced by the court to serve each creditor long enough to discharge the debt. Robert Lawrence, in 1765, was sentenced to serve twenty creditors in succession. The limit of his temporary slavery was seven hundred and twenty-four days. When the debt was under ten pounds, and the debtor was a soldier "in His Majesty's service," he was discharged.

Penalties were extremely severe. In 1758 the negro "Christmas" was tried for burglary. He broke into a house and stole articles of dress valued at two dollars and a half, was convicted, and sentenced to be hanged.

Irving says, in the *Sketch Book*, that he entered "for the hundredth time that picture of convenience, and broad, honest enjoyment—an English Inn." English literature teems with references to these retreats. Their names have been carefully preserved from the earliest times. Their legends, traditions, and associations are imbedded in English history, essay, and biography. Since the introduction of railways in the "tight little island," the great roads have ceased to be the thoroughfares they once were. The ideal inn has therefore fallen into neglect. In Escott's *England*, attention is called to the probable extinction of these interesting features of social life in the parent country. In Pennsylvania, as elsewhere, it has passed through the same development, and is threatened with a like fate from the operation of similar causes.

With the introduction of the inn in Pennsylvania came also those curi-

ous, ancient signboards, some of which gave names to the English inns for generations before they were set up in this country. It being the practice to insert the sign names in the applications for license to the county court in Pennsylvania, these petitions furnish an official directory of those singular legends by which owners of inns distinguished their houses. The horse has been repeatedly honored in these names. He is presented in a variety of colors and relations, such as "The Sorrel Horse," "The Black Horse," "The Waggon and Horse," etc. The animal kingdom also furnishes "The Lion," "The Elephant," "The Bull's Head," "The White Bear," "The Buck," "The Eagle," and "The Swan." Names were often found in the implements of agriculture and its products: "The Harrow," "The Barley Sheaf," "The Plow." Historical names and incidents are preserved in "The Penn's Manor House," "The Indian." Associations of the road find expression in "The Half Way House," "The Traveller's Rest," "The Drover." Inns along the Delaware were appropriately named "The Waterman," "The Deck Boat," "The Anchor," etc.

It would be easy to extend the inquiry outlined in this sketch much further, but enough is given to suggest sources of information of the past to be found in the dust bins of the public offices in all the counties of the older states. Much of the material is too microscopic for the eye of the general historian, but it furnishes all we shall ever know of the life of that very large segment of the colonial population which Mr. Lincoln would have called the "common people."

Henry C. Michener

DOYLESTOWN, PA.

MINOR TOPICS

SIGNIFICANCE GIVEN TO COMMON WORDS

"Great writers and orators are commonly economists in the use of words," writes Edwin Percy Whipple in his *American Literature*. "They compel common words to bear a burden of thought and emotion which mere rhetoricians, with all the resources of the language at their disposal, would never dream of imposing upon them. But it is also to be observed that some writers have the power of giving a new and special significance to a common word, by impressing on it a wealth of meaning which it cannot claim for itself. Three obvious examples of this peculiar power may be cited. Among poets, Chaucer infused into the simple word *green* a poetic ecstasy which no succeeding English poet, not even Wordsworth, has ever rivaled, in describing an English landscape in the month of May. Jonathan Edwards fixed upon the term *sweetness* as best conveying his loftiest conception of the bliss which the soul of the saint can attain to on earth, or expect to be blessed with in heaven; but not one of his theological successors has ever caught the secret of using *sweetness* in the sense attached to it by him. Dr. Barrow gave to the word *rest*, as embodying his idea of the spiritual repose of the soul fit for heaven, significance which it bears in the works of no other great English divine. To descend a little, Webster was fond of certain words, commonplace enough themselves, to which he insisted on imparting a more than ordinary import. Two of these, which meet us continually in reading his speeches, are *interesting* and *respectable*. The first of these appears to him competent to express that rapture of attention called forth by a thing, an event, or a person, which other writers convey by such a term as *absorbing*—or its numerous equivalents.

There is no word which the novelists, satirists, philanthropic reformers, and Bohemians of our day have done so much to discredit, and make *dis-respectable* to the heart and imagination, as the word *respectable*. Webster always uses it as a term of eulogy."

ANECDOTES OF THE DARK DAY OF 1780

A somewhat unique work has recently been issued in Salem, Massachusetts, by Sidney Perley, entitled *Historic Storms of New England*, which contains a graphic description of the dark day of 1780. The light of the sun seemed to be almost taken from the earth, and a strange darkness settled over the land. Pieces of burnt leaves were continually falling, and the rain water was covered with a scum-like soot,

which would indicate to the people of this generation that the forests were on fire in some direction. Some of the incidents related by Mr. Perley are interesting.

"In Boston, one of Rev. Dr. Byles's parishioners sent her servant to him when the darkness was greatest, asking whether or not in his opinion it did not portend an earthquake, hurricane, or some other elementary commotion. 'Give my respectful compliments to your mistress,' facetiously replied the doctor, 'and tell her I am as much in the dark as she is.'

At Salem, Dr. Nathaniel Whittaker's congregation came together at their church, and he preached a sermon in which he maintained that the darkness was divinely sent for the rebuke of the people for their sins.

An incident with a certain humorous tinge took place at Medford. When the day was darkest, a negro named Pomp, who was very much frightened, went to his master and said: 'Massa, the day of judgment has come; what shall I do?' 'Why, Pomp, you'd better wash up clean, and put on your Sunday clothes.' Perceiving that his master showed no signs of fear, Pomp began to draw his attention to evidence of his conviction. 'Massa, it *has* come; for the hens are all going to roost.' 'Well, Pomp, they show their sense.' 'And the tide, massa, in the river has stopped running.' 'Well, Pomp, it always does at high water.' 'But, massa, it feels cold; and the darkness grows more and more.' 'So much the better, Pomp, for the day of judgment will be all fire and light.' Pomp concluded that he would wait for something further to turn up before preparing for the great day.

The legislature of Connecticut was in session at Hartford. The deepening gloom enwrapped the city, and the rooms of the state house grew dark. The journal of the house of representatives reads: 'None could see to read or write in the house, or even at a window, or distinguish persons at a small distance, or perceive any distinction of dress, etc., in the circle of attendants. Therefore, at eleven o'clock adjourned the house till two o'clock afternoon.' The council was also in session, and several of its members exclaimed, 'It is the Lord's great day.' There was a motion to adjourn, but Col. Abraham Davenport, a member from Stamford, quickly arose, and with great moral courage and reason said: 'I am against the adjournment. Either the day of judgment is at hand, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I wish to be found in the line of my duty. I wish candles to be brought.'"

NOTES

THE HALF-KING'S OPINION OF WASHINGTON'S MILITARY ABILITY—The following interesting statement is from the journal of Conrad Weiser, September 3, 1754: "By the way Tanacharisson, otherwise called the Half-King, complained very much of the behavior of Colonel Washington to him (though in a moderate way, saying the Colonel was a good-natured man, but had no experience), saying that he took upon him to command the Indians as his slaves, and would have them every day upon the outscout and attack the enemy by themselves, and that he would by no means take advice from the Indians; that he lay at one place from one full-moon to the other and made no fortifications at all but that little thing upon the meadow, where he thought the French would come up to him in open field; that had he taken the Half-King's advice and made such fortifications as the Half-King advised him to make, he would certainly have beat the French off; that the French had acted as great cowards, and the English as fools, in that engagement; that he (the Half-King) had carried off his wife and children, so did other Indians, before the battle began, because Colonel Washington would never listen to them, but always driving them on to fight by his directions."

PETERSFIELD

GEORGE BANCROFT'S SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL POSITION—Mr. Andrew McFarland Davis writes: "The social position which Mr. Bancroft held when he returned from Germany to this coun-

try was enviable. His friendships comprehended the great men of two hemispheres for half a century. Learned societies at home and abroad had elected him to honorary membership. He bore honorary degrees from American, English, and German universities. A partial list of these societies and degrees occupies nearly half a column in the quinquennial catalogue of Harvard University. The senate of the United States extended to him the unprecedented honor of free access to the floor of their chamber. His society was eagerly sought both at Washington and at Newport, and it required all the restraints of his methodical habits to preserve strength for the work still before him. Towards the close of his life the anniversaries of his birthday were made much of by friends. Flowers, messages and congratulations were showered upon him.

The position of Bancroft's history as the standard history of the United States has left for the critics to discuss only the question how long the work will be able to maintain this position. The *Edinburgh Review* says: 'The real liberality, the general fairness, the labor and conscientious research it evinces, deserves, and we are assured will receive, his [the English reader's] warmest approbation.' The *Westminster Review* predicts 'with confidence that his work will be reckoned among the genuine masterpieces of historical genius.' Lecky, in his *England in the Eighteenth Century*, accuses him of violent partisanship, and charges that it greatly impairs his 'very learned history.' If the English people,

as a whole, had not been able to appreciate Bancroft's labor and conscientious research, his fairness of purpose, and the real liberality beneath his sharp, incisive criticism, it could only have been because they had become less tolerant than we know them to be."

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION TRUE CULTURE—The work of the American society for the extension of university teaching is practically, and intentionally, of the nature of an object lesson to the United States on the successful organization and conduct of university extension. The society now carries on extension work in five states, and two more are organizing under its direction. These seven states present almost every conceivable variety of equipment, culture, financial condition and local peculiarity. Out of the organization of work under such varying conditions the society is gathering a rich store of wisdom and experience for the benefit of any city or locality desiring to start extension work. From a wide experience in city, town and village—with and without the nucleus of some existing institution; in

localities ranging in general culture from the university town to the simple farming district—with methods of financial support, including the gifts of single individuals, a guarantee fund formed by several persons or by some society, popular subscription, or simple advertisement and self-supporting courses, the great fundamental principles underlying successful organization are being slowly evolved.

The results of its experience the American society places at the disposal of any college, individual or society desiring to undertake extension teaching. From the report of the first year, and the estimates for the coming season, it appears that in carrying on this national experiment, the American society in its two years of existence will have expended, including the expenses of local centres, no less than forty thousand dollars; nearly all of which, with the exception of lecturers' fees paid by local centres, has been given by public-minded citizens of Philadelphia. Another illustration of the fact that true culture is not selfish, but recognizes and fulfills its obligation both to individuals and to the nation.

QUERIES

FIRST AMERICAN LADY TO PETITION THE KING—The London newspapers of October 17, 1764, contained the following item: "On Wednesday the 19th of September last, an American lady was introduced to his Majesty at Richmond, and presented a petition. His Majesty received the distressed stranger with his

wonted charitable goodness, and assured her of his royal protection. It is imagined her prayer will be granted, she being the only American lady that has had occasion to apply to his Majesty."

Who was the lady, and what was the nature of her petition?

PETERSFIELD

COLONEL MAINWARING HAMMOND—Is anything known concerning the family of Colonel Mainwaring Hammond, an early settler of Virginia? In what part of Virginia did he live? Was his wife, Jane Hammond, who was a sister of the wife of Colonel William Willoughby, commissioner of the British navy when he died in 1651? Was Captain Law-

rence Hammond of Boston, Massachusetts, who was a son of Mrs. Jane Hammond of Virginia, also a son of Colonel Mainwaring Hammond? These facts are needed by Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Salisbury of New Haven, Connecticut, in the preparation of their large *Family Histories and Genealogies*, now nearly completed.

REPLIES

HARRY CROSWELL'S LIBEL ON JEFFERSON [xxv, 320]—There was an inquiry in my article in the last April (1891) number of the *Magazine of American History* to learn if any one could tell whether Harry Croswell, convicted of a libel on President Jefferson and appealed, ever had a new trial. Mr. E. P. Magoun, of Hudson, New York, while unable to answer the question, gives me the following items of interest:

"In 1802 a newspaper by name *The Bee* was commenced by Charles Holt, in Hudson, New York. With some interruptions Mr. Holt had published *The Bee* for the previous five years at New London, Connecticut. Having incurred a fine and imprisonment there, under the Sedition Act, it became nec-

essary for him to seek another location, and being invited by the republicans, transferred his printing materials and paper to Hudson, New York. Its circulation was about one thousand. On the appearance of *The Bee* in Hudson, a small paper, less than a letter sheet in size, was issued from the office of Mr. Croswell, called *The Wasp*, by 'Robert Rusticoat, Esq.' Its object was indicated by the following couplet:

'If perchance there comes a *Bee*,
A *Wasp* shall come as well as he.'

It was published but a short time, and both *Wasp* and *Bee* stung with personal abuse."

HORATIO KING

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—The stated meeting for February was held on Tuesday evening, the 2d inst., the president, Hon. John A. King, in the chair. Announcement was made of the gift to the gallery of a portrait in oil of the Hon. Myron Holley, presented by his daughter, Miss Sallie Holley. Mr. Eugene Smith read the paper of the evening entitled, "A Village Hampden of New Amsterdam." It described the life and settlement at Harlem of Captain Jochem Pieterse Kuyter, whose famous plantation was named Zengendal, or Vale of Blessing.

CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY—The quarterly meeting was held on January 19th at its hall, in Dearborn Avenue, President Edward G. Mason in the chair. The reports of the secretary and librarian were read, showing a gratifying increase in the society's collections through purchase and gifts. Hon. Lambert Tree has enriched its collection of pictures by the presentation of a chromo-lithograph representing the entire block of buildings, including signs, on the north side of Lake Street from Clark to La Salle, in 1859, and their appearance while being screwed up to the new grade established by the city at that time, the merchants continuing their business in the buildings while they were being raised from their old foundations. It was one of the most important retail blocks in the city. Mr. John Moses, the secretary, then read an able, instructive and interesting paper, entitled, "Richard Yates, the War Governor of

Illinois," being a careful study of his life and public services. Remarks were made by Rev. Robert W. Patterson and Colonel Frank A. Eastman.

THE RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY at its regular meeting, January 26th, President Rogers in the chair, listened to an interesting paper on "The Anglo-American Revision of the Translation of the Bible," by Dr. Thomas Chase. The speaker gave an account of Tischendorf's finding of valuable old manuscripts of the Bible and their publication. It was one of the causes of the revision of the Bible. It was a new witness of the validity of the text. It was found that there were disagreements with the Greek text. People were surprised that there were differences. They supposed the text had been miraculously preserved. Some one hundred and fifty thousand differences have been found, but nineteen twentieths of them are quite unimportant. Errors often arise from accidental repetitions. In the case of the New Testament there are the words of the fathers, and numerous later versions with which to work out the correct text. Having a better knowledge of Greek lexicography, the students of this century were fitted to revise the translation of King James. In the opinion of the lecturer the time was ripe for the revision. He spoke of the faithfulness with which the committee had worked, and the accuracy of results. In his opinion the revision of 1881-85 will supplant that of 1611, as it supplanted the Geneva version.

Remarks were made by Rev. Dr. Vose, Secretary Perry and President Horatio Rogers. Attention was also called to certain recent gifts to the society, among which was a painting of General Barton, given through the will of the late George F. Cushman, a grandson of General Barton.

THE ONEIDA HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its annual meeting on January 12th, at Utica, New York, President Charles W. Hutchinson in the chair. After the reading of reports, the following officers were unanimously reelected: president, Hon. Charles W. Hutchinson; vice-presidents, Henry Hurlburt, George D. Dimon, Hon. Daniel E. Wager; recording secretary, Rees G. Williams; corresponding secretary, General C. W. Darling; librarian, Dr. M. M. Bagg; treasurer, Warren C. Rowley; executive committee, Alexander Seward, Daniel Batchelor, George C. Sawyer, N. Curtis White, Bloomfield J. Beach of Rome.

On the evening of the same day S. N. D. North of Boston delivered the annual address before the society, his theme being "The Evolutions of the Factory System." He said: "It is the peculiar glory of Oneida county that she furnished the first and best types of these early textile manufacturers in New York State. It was claimed by Hon. J. G. Dudley, in an address before the New York Historical Society, that the first woolen factory built in the United States was that of Dr. Seth Capron, at Oriskany, which was built in 1809 and incorporated, by act of the legislature, in 1811. This is an obvious error, for woolen factories—nearly as complete in

their equipment—were in operation in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut before the close of the last century. But the genesis of both the woolen and the cotton industries in New York State was upon the banks of the Oriskany and Sauquoit Creeks. Dr. Capron, who inspired both enterprises, was moved to the undertaking by the patriotic desire to achieve for his country an industrial independence commensurate with the political independence he had contributed so much to secure."

THE NEW JERSEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its annual meeting in the state house at Trenton, New Jersey, on the 26th of January, 1892. Officers elected for ensuing year were: John Clement, president; Dr. S. H. Pennington, General W. S. Stryker, Rev. Dr. G. S. Mott, vice-presidents; William Nelson, corresponding secretary; W. R. Weeks, recording secretary; F. W. Ricord, treasurer and librarian; George A. Halsey, John F. Hageman, David A. Depue, Nathaniel Niles, John I. Blair, Franklin Murphy, Garret D. W. Vroom, James Neilson, executive committee. The reports showed that the society has about six hundred members, and a library of twenty-eight thousand nine hundred and forty-nine volumes.

The paper of this annual meeting was read by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, editor of the *Magazine of American History*, its subject being "Some Important Events in Colonial History." It related chiefly to the three colonies, Virginia, New York and Massachusetts, with a background of European history. "One of these

colonies," Mrs. Lamb said, "had been founded for gold, another for trade, and the third for religion's sake, yet the clarifying processes of growth and development in a century and a half brought them into close relations with one another in producing one of the grandest events in the world's annals, the birth of a nation."

THE ROCHESTER (NEW YORK) HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its regular February meeting in the chamber of commerce. The paper of the evening, "Rochester in the Forties," was read by Dr. Porter Farley, which called out many interesting reminiscences from those present. This promising society has recently issued its first volume of publications—a valuable contribution to the historical bibliography of western New York.

SAUGATUCK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Westport, Connecticut. The annual meeting of this society was held on the 6th of February, the president in the chair. Reports were read showing the progress of the society. During the year two hundred and seventy-seven volumes have been received, also forty-two pamphlets, several maps, and various relics. The officers elected for ensuing

year were: Horace Staples, president; Wm. J. Jennings, Wm. H. Saxton, Rev. K. MacKenzie, vice-presidents; Rev. James E. Coley, secretary; Wm. Gray Staples, librarian; Dr. L. T. Day, treasurer.

THE NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY continues to hold monthly meetings at its rooms, No. 23 West Forty-fourth street. At the meeting October 9, no regular paper was prepared, but President Wilson read portions of an article which he had read before the Huguenot society, on "Judge Bayard's London Diary." At the meeting, November 13, Edward Wakefield of London, England, delivered an address on "The Domesday Book," giving an interesting account of this old English record, the name of which, he said, signified that it was intended as a final record, from which there was no appeal, like the Divine judgment at doomsday. At the meeting December 13, Berthold Fernow of Albany lectured on "The Churches and Schools of New York"; and at the first meeting of the new year, January 8, 1892, Josiah C. Pumpelly read a sketch of the life of "Captain John Paul Jones, the hero of the *Bon Homme Richard*."

BOOK NOTICES

WASHINGTON'S JOURNAL, 1747-1748.

Copied from the original with literal exactness and edited with notes. By J. M. TONER, M. D. Square 8vo, pp. 144. Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany. 1892.

This journal of a journey over the mountains was the earliest literary effort of George Washington, begun when he was but one month over sixteen years of age. He had left school that year and must either go to college or embark in business. His aptitude for mathematics attracted attention, and as land surveying was then a profitable and genteel pursuit in the colonies, he expressed a wish to engage in it. He was presently sent out by Lord Fairfax into the Shenandoah valley, and his surveys and reports gave such satisfaction that he was continuously employed by his titled patron for upwards of three years. All the notes of surveys that can be found or that are now known to exist, are gathered into this volume. They have been copied with literal exactness, and the accompanying journal is printed just as it was recorded by the hand of its author. This literalness is wisely adhered to in the interest of truth and for the benefit of earnest students of history unable to consult personally the originals. Washington needs no apology for the marks of hasty composition, as it was written for himself alone. But boy as he was it will be observed that he wrote clearly and that his observations were always apt and instructive. The volume is edited with notes which add immensely to its value. Washington writes, March 16, "We set out early and finished about one o'clock and then traveled up to Frederick Town where our baggage came to us . . . where we had a good dinner prepared for us, wine and rum punch in plenty and a good feather bed, with clean sheets, which was a very agreeable regale." The scholarly editor, Dr. Toner, adds a note here on "feather beds" which were a great luxury in early times. In another place he describes the position of the razor in colonial days—it being the essential part of a gentleman's toilet outfit. The volume is accompanied by an excellent index, and altogether is a most welcome contribution to Washingtonia.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION. Addresses delivered before the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States, 1883-1891. Edited by JAMES GRANT WILSON

and TITUS MUNSON COAN, M.D. New York: published by the Commandery.

Such is the indifference of certain Americans to certain other Americans and their belongings that we are quite safe in assuming that to a vast majority of readers the title of "Loyal Legion" is meaningless. We use the term *readers* in a general sense, for those who read the *Magazine of American History* may be supposed to be somewhat better informed in such matters than is the public at large. Still we venture to predict that a very large proportion of those who read this paragraph know more about the French Legion of Honor than they do about this honorable military order of their native land. The inconspicuous little tri-colored rosette that one may now and then see worn in the button-hole of an elderly gentleman means that its wearer has, in his day, looked into the muzzles of rebel rifles when they meant business, and has borne himself honorably through whatever perils he may have been called upon to face. The Loyal Legion looks very carefully into a candidate's service record before it admits him to fellowship. No stigma of "pension grabbing" can be laid to its charge, though possibly it may have individual "grabbers" among its members, nor has the baneful influence of politics crept in to disturb the harmony of its proceedings. The Loyal Legion is made up of commissioned officers of the Army or Navy who served honorably in the Civil War. It was founded in Philadelphia just after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln in 1865, and has now "commanderies" in nearly all the principal cities of the North, and a total membership of about seven thousand. It was modeled after the Society of the Cincinnati, and in like manner perpetuates itself by heredity. For many years the New York commandery has held five yearly meetings, at each of which, the tables being cleared, some papers have been read or some address delivered, which are now collected in a handsome volume, bearing the imprint of the commandery, with its insignia stamped on cover and title page. The contents include twenty-seven papers, all of them personal experiences bearing upon some event of historical importance. Read by men who themselves took part in the episodes described, and in the presence of others who were at the time similarly engaged, these essays are all instinct with a local color that can hardly be looked for in type. Nevertheless they are highly creditable in literary form, and speak well for the attainments of the men who wrote them. The edition of this very handsome volume is limited to one thousand

copies, and as it has not been stereotyped this number cannot be increased. For a frontispiece the editors have secured, through the courtesy of the Messrs Appleton, an excellent steel engraved portrait of Admiral Farragut, and it is, perhaps, worthy of remark that one of the most entertaining papers of the series is by the son of that gallant officer, Lieut. Loyall Farragut, late of the United States Army. The volume is the first published by the New York commandery, and will no doubt be followed by others.

THE FAITH DOCTOR, A STORY OF NEW YORK. By EDWARD EGGLESTON. 12mo, pp. 427. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1891.

This may be called one of the best novels produced by a New York writer within a decade at least. It is vigorously written, while its purpose, to counteract the harm done by the mind-cure believers and the Christian Scientists, gives a certain vitality to its pages that is exceptional in modern works of fiction. Dr. Eggleston says his book was not written to depreciate anybody's valued delusions, but to make a study of human nature under certain conditions. He reminds us of the religious fervor of the Millerites, who were looking for the end of the world within the memory of most of us, and how curative mesmerism gave way to spirit-rappings and clairvoyant medical treatment. Now that spiritism in all its forms is passing into decay, the field is free to mind-doctors, and faith-healers. His heroine, Phillida Callender, is a charming character, who inherits the missionary spirit from her father, and who is deluded by her own earnestness into manifold blunders. The hero is also interesting, and Dr. Eggleston's satirical showing of how he made himself a fine gentleman, is admirably off-set by his manly character and conduct throughout the story. "His various accomplishments represented many hours of toil, but it was toil of which his associates never heard. He treated himself as a work of art, of which the beholder must judge only of the result, with no knowledge of the foregoing effort." There is much that is amusing and much that is instructive in this story. The pictures of life on the east side of New York are perhaps the most skillfully portrayed scenes in the book. Dr. Eggleston has no patience with shams, and deals severely with Mrs. Frankland, who thinks she has a gift for expounding Scripture, and who gives Bible readings in the mansions of the rich, and reaps therefrom a golden harvest. She is a woman who believes in her own sincerity of purpose and considers the rousing and awakening the emotionally religious to be the noblest work on earth.

LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS TO WILKIE COLLINS. Edited by LAURENCE HUTTON. 16mo. pp. 171. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Hutton could very probably make an interesting book out of far more slender material than letters between two great English novelists of the time. Epistolary correspondence is a delicate matter to handle, and calls for a true editorial judgment and a genuine literary instinct in arranging for publication. In these respects nothing is lacking in the pages before us, which comprise not only characteristic letters from both these great men, but facsimile reproductions of handwriting, of playbills and the like which are extremely valuable and entertaining. Dickens and Collins first met in 1851, and although the latter was much the younger man, they presently became warm friends, and their intercourse, personally and by correspondence, continued up to the time of Dickens's death twenty years ago. The letters cannot be otherwise than entertaining to everyone who takes an intelligent interest in the literature of our time.

IN BISCAYNE BAY. By CAROLINE WASHBURN ROCKWOOD. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 286. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Floridian literature at the present rate of increase bids fair to fill a considerable space in the annual book list, and if the standard set by the present volume is maintained the state will ere long be most sumptuously represented. Biscayne Bay is as yet known only to a few hundred favored individuals. It lies near the extremity of the great peninsula, two hundred miles and more beyond continuous rail connection with the North, and seventy miles from the nearest coastwise steamboat line. It is therefore beyond the reach as it is beyond the desire of the average tourist, but it is one of the fairest spots in all Florida, and deserves all that can reasonably be said in its praise. Mr. Thomas Avery Hine of this city, a veteran yachtsman, and one of the most successful of amateur photographers has contributed to the book before us many of what he aptly terms "photographic sketches," showing the bay and its shores, the "glades," and some of the surviving Seminole in their most picturesque aspects. The context is a clever love story, interwoven with sketches of winter life in that heavenly clime, and introducing so many actual names that the reader remembers the fate of "Cape Cod Folks" and trembles for the result. All lovers of Florida will find the volume full of entertaining pictures, literary as well as artistic.

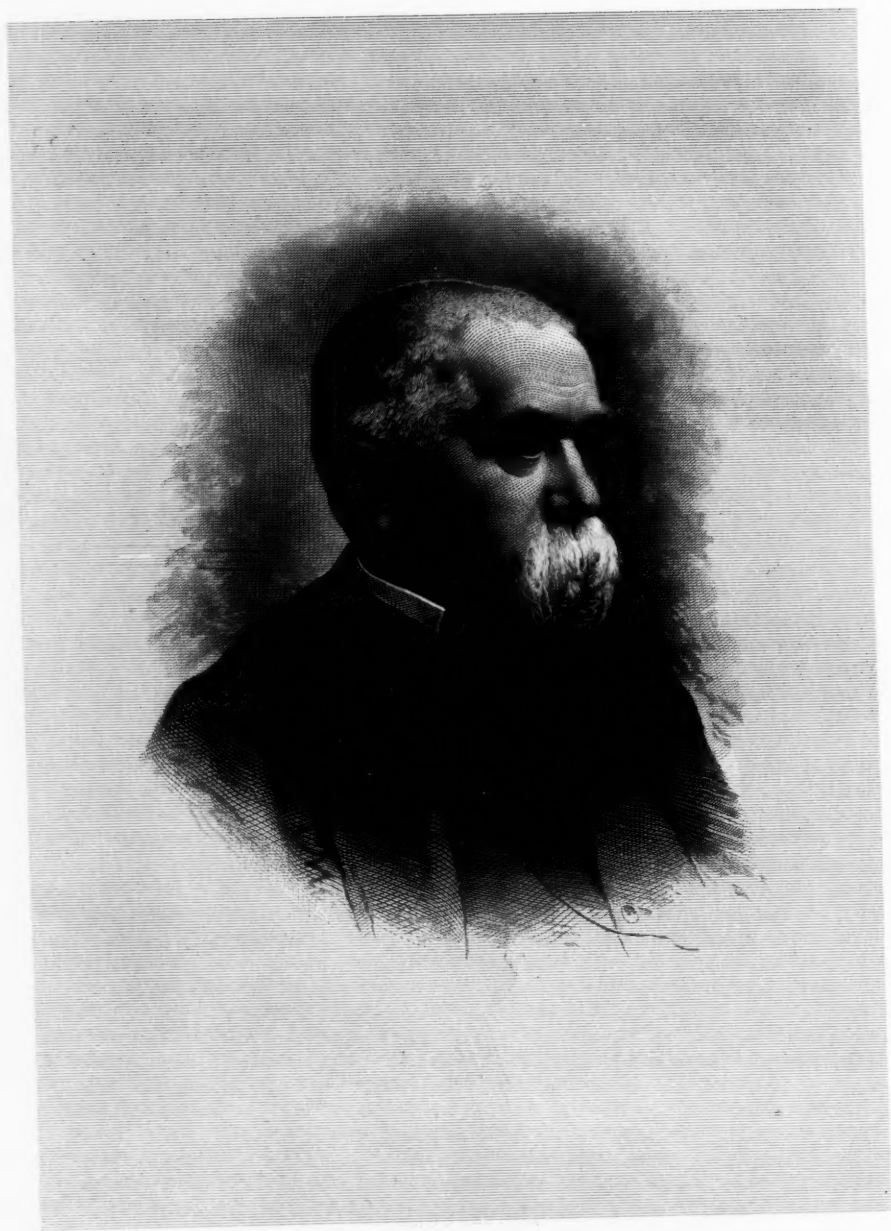
AN UTTER FAILURE. A novel. By MIRIAM COLES HARRIS. 16mo, pp. 334. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

Mrs. Harris made a brilliant advent before the novel reading world long ago as the author of "Rutledge"—a novel which was one of the mysteries of its day, the author long maintaining her *incognito*. While we cannot safely predict either comparative success, or comparative want thereof for the present tale, it will certainly command an interested audience for associations' sake. It is charmingly written, and presents certain aspects of life, love, and law, in a light that will be new and fascinating to a large majority of readers. The scene is for the most part laid in Florence, with an enthusiastic appreciation of the beauties of that famous city.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON (STONEWALL JACKSON). By his wife, MARY ANNA JACKSON. With an introduction by Henry M. Field, D.D. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, pp. 479. —New York : Harper and Brothers. 1892.

This story of the life of a remarkable man presents many features of the deepest interest. Dr. Henry M. Field, who writes an introduction to it, says : "Stonewall Jackson was the most picturesque figure in the war. Not so high in command as General Lee on the one side, or General Grant on the other, neither had a personality so unique. In Jackson there were two men in one: he united qualities that are not only alien to each other, but that seem almost incom-

patible—military genius of the highest order with a religious fervor that bordered on fanaticism ; a union of the soldier and the saint for which we must go back to the time of Cromwell. A thunderbolt in war, he was in society so modest and unassuming as to appear even shy and timid. A character in which such contradictions are combined is one of the most fascinating studies in American history." This book does not aim to chronicle the military career of the great general. "That," says Dr. Field, "has long since been done by military critics at home and abroad, who have made a study of his campaigns, following his rapid marches, in which he was not surpassed by Napoleon in his first campaigns in Italy ; and finding in his peculiar strategy enough to give him a place among the great captains of the age. But with Jackson, as with others who have acted a great part in public affairs, there was another side to the man—an inner life, known but to few, and fully known only to her who was united to him in the closest of all human relations, and to whom this man of iron was the gentlest and tenderest of human beings." Mrs. Jackson presents the history of Stonewall Jackson's family with many incidents of his boyhood and school life. He was four years at West Point, 1842-1846, and in the Mexican War from 1846 to 1848. In 1851 he became a professor in the Virginia Military Institute, in which he remained until 1861. One of the most interesting features of the work is his domestic correspondence during the Civil War, judicious selections from which may be found in this volume. Mrs. Jackson has given the reading public a most interesting work, prepared with ability and in the best of taste.



H. J. Walters

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THE WALTER COLLECTION OF ART TREASURES

ITS HISTORY AND EDUCATIONAL IMPORTANCE

THERE are few more interesting processes than tracing the development of civilization and mental powers through the handiwork of peoples of successive ages in the much too imperfectly understood past, or following the march of intellectual culture in modern times by means of a felicitous acquaintance with the offspring of the pencil. The city of Baltimore possesses an institution, of which any city might well be proud, where all this may be achieved in the midst of object lessons in such variety and beauty and value as not to be easily described—a private collection which has been gradually unfolding during the last half-century until it has reached proportions of unrivaled magnitude and far-reaching influence.

Its history is unique and suggestive. Nearly a century after the incident recently chronicled as "the birth of the fine arts in the New World," a young man of Scotch-Irish ancestry, who had but just passed his twenty-first year, educated as a practical engineer and destined to be concerned for a lifetime in the most engrossing of all vocations—the building and management of railroads—resolved to gratify an inborn taste for art by devoting a portion of his earnings each year to the purchase of fine pictures. Had he chosen for himself the profession of an artist he would unquestionably have won great success and distinction through his untiring energy and love for the beautiful. But the strong forces that were united in his character impelled him naturally into broader fields, and made him a man of affairs. He had the genius for colossal undertakings, and the faculty and will-power for leadership and control. At the same time, even while in his early laborious engineering service, he exhibited that acute intuition and poetic sentiment which characterize the true artist. The first picture he bought was an engraving for which he paid five dollars. He was then in the beginning of his remarkable business career. Henceforward he lived, as it were, two lives. Instead of amusing himself in hours of reprieve from exacting duties as men usually do, he applied himself at every spare moment to the severe study of the various branches of art.